

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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THE DEAD KING.

BORN in a palace, educated in an aristocratic university, endowed with a reflective and philosophic mind, surrounded by scholars and artists, for thirty-seven years the heir to, and for sixteen the occupant of, a throne, dying in the prime of manhood attended by his family, and with all the sacraments of the church—such is a brief synopsis of the career of the monarch who at the touch of death has just put off the crown, laid down the scepter, and vacated the throne—King Maximilian of Bavaria!—a noble and sonorous title, worn with grace and dignity by its possessor since 1848, when his old father Ludwig was turned out of his throne by the events of 1848. This King Maximilian, to be sure, never did anything very important as far as the world's welfare was concerned, nor did he even do much to advance the interests of his people. But then it should be borne in mind that a German monarch has very little power for either good or evil—that he is lost in the insignificance of his position.

The insignificance of kings! At first the phrase may seem paradoxical, but, if the reader will reflect for a moment, he will perceive that it is not so. Take away Napoleon, Alexander, Victoria, Francis Joseph, William of Prussia, the Pope, and the Sultan, and how utterly insignificant the other "crowned heads" of Europe appear! Do you, reader, have any definite idea as to the real *identity* of the King of Württemberg? Has the King of Portugal or the King of Sweden ever done or said anything by which you can invest them with any distinct individuality? You have a definite idea of the Emperor of Russia as a man as well as a vague representative of imperial power, because he has done deeds which have raised him above the vulgar level of the great. You comprehend that the Emperor of France is a *man*, and the Queen of England a *woman*; but of the large majority of European rulers you have only a dim idea of human figures wearing crowns, surrounded by courtiers, and very much indisposed to granting either freedom of speech or of press.

King Maximilian of Bavaria belonged to this brood of insignificant kings, though, as a private gentleman, he was a man of admirable taste and excellent acquirements. As a boy he was fond of the classics and the metaphysics, predilections carefully encouraged by his tutor Schelling, by whom he was prepared for the Gottingen University. Leaving college, he returned to his father's court, where he did what heirs apparent generally do while awaiting the death of their fathers—he dabbled in military matters, and commanded a regiment. Had not Bavaria been an inland district he would have had a good deal to say about the navy, but as it was the opera came after the army, and artists and sculptors followed in their turn. When thirty-one years old he married a niece of the King of Prussia, the Princess Frederica-Françoise-Auguste-Marie-Hedwige, who was but seventeen years of age. The nuptials were celebrated with the usual

etiquette. First, there was on the 5th of October, 1842, a marriage in Berlin by proxy, and on the arrival of the bride at Munich there was, on the 12th of the same month, a marriage *in proprio personā*; after which, the lady, with that happy facility which is often shown by Protestant princesses when matrimonial interests are involved, abjured her religion and became a devout Roman Catholic.

Two children were born to the royal pair—the Prince Louis-Othon-Frederic-Guillaume, who appeared on the 25th of August, 1845, and the Prince Othon-Guillaume-Luitpold-Adelbert-Walden, born on the 27th of April, 1848. This latter child was but a few months old when the troubles of 1848, intensified at Munich by the court scandal which had associated the names of Lola Montez and Ludwig I., obliged that delightfully refined and artistic old voluptuary to abdicate in favor of his son; and so Maximilian was king in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He had fortunately taken no part in the affairs which brought such scandal on the names of his father and of the poor lady who, after enjoying the brilliancy of a court and the doubtful honors of a *favorita del re*, ended her life a few years ago in a suburban village of New York. On his accession to the throne he was shrewd enough to throw out to his people the bait of liberal concessions, but in 1849 he followed the example of the other European monarchs, who, frightened by the specter of revolution into a temporary toleration, resumed their old despoticisms as soon as it was safe so to do. He interfered with the Diet, suppressed such newspapers as by their boldness had made themselves obnoxious, and bid fair to tread in the footsteps of Bomba himself. But this was only a reaction from the preceding moderation, and, the equilibrium thus restored, the quiet, gentlemanly, scholarly king went on in the old track. Like his father, he devoted himself to the improvement of his capital. The collections in the Hypothek and Pinecoteca were rearranged and increased, and between these two elegant buildings was erected a superb triumphal arch, forming a noble entrance into Munich; a new and elegant street, intended to be the finest in the city, was opened; a crystal palace was built for the exhibition of works of art and industry; a spacious church was completed, modeled upon the plans of the Christian Basilicas at Rome, and decorated with an extravagance of splendor only equaled by the richness of medieval ecclesiology; another church, smaller in size, but a gem of art, adorned with the finest of modern frescoes, and intended as a tomb for the royal family, was added to the palace. Artists, sculptors, singers, philosophers, ever found a cordial welcome at the court of Bavaria; and at Munich a school of painting had thus been formed, which to-day is among the foremost of Europe. Never did a rich and elegant city owe so much to individual influence as Munich has done to the kings Ludwig I. and Maximilian II. They found Munich a poor, inchoate, undeveloped, raw little village; and they leave it a refined, elegant capital, rich in museums, galleries, theaters, and churches. In most cases, they did not forget, however, to directly commemorate their own share in this work; and with the old king Ludwig it was a special hobby to have his portrait painted in the most conspicuous places. For instance, the exterior of the New Pinecoteca is decorated with a series of frescoes delineating the progress of the work, in which Ludwig is a principal figure—always a tall, slight figure too, dressed in solemn black, like a stage "Hamlet"—surrounded by architects and artists, like a sun surrounded by its satellites; and in some of these pictures can be seen, too, a pretty lad, who later was a king—and who is now a corpse.

So lived and died the King of Bavaria. His was a quiet, happy life, graced by all the adjuncts of wealth and refinement. Peace prevailed in his dominions during his reign, and though he had decided opinions on the present Danish question they were not decided enough to drag him into war. He extended the rites of hospitality freely, and had poor relations enough to take advantage of them, being a mother of King Otho, formerly of Greece, of Francis, formerly King of Naples, and of the exiled Duke of Modena. He is also related to the reigning house of Prussia, and his death places in official mourning many of the European

courts. His son, aged nineteen, succeeds him under the title of Ludwig II., being the youngest monarch living, excepting George I., of Greece. And henceforth the world must say to Maximilian of Bavaria, "Farewell, King!"

MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

THE French are diligently making straight the path of the Emperor Maximilian before him in Mexico. To walk therein will be the Emperor Maximilian's own affair, and the French may very wisely decline to make themselves responsible for that part of the "Neo-Latin" programme.

But the expulsion of General Santa Anna by General Bazaine conclusively proves that the French are determined to do what in them lies to turn over the empire of Anahuac to the adventurous archduke, clear of all such incumbrances of the past as the stern assertion of an indisputable military superiority can sweep out of his way.

The curse of Mexican politics, and consequently of Mexican society, ever since the priest Hidalgo first swung the splendid viceroyalty loose from its ancient moorings, has been the unlicensed liberty of ambitious intrigue.

The republic was an importation into Mexico—not a development of the popular genius and the popular sympathies. The masses of the Mexican people knew no more of constitutional liberty than of the integral calculus when they were called upon by Santa Anna to consolidate the state over the dead body of his friend, his patron, and his victim, the "Emperor" Iturbide. The higher order of the old Spanish colonist nobility kept aloof from the new system, and the control of the public affairs consequently lapsed to a class of men of whom Santa Anna is the easy chief and head, the ripest and most forcible type.

One after another, politicians and generals, yesterday bosom-friends the one of the other, to-day open rivals, tomorrow victor and victim, rose to the summit of Mexican power, only to be thrust down again by new aspirants.

The country was harassed and degraded by chronic revolutions. Not merely as a matter of succession in point of time, but as a matter of coterminous rivalry in point of space, the disordered ambitions and feverish personal aspirations of a whole order of "waiters upon Providence" raged over the republic.

Every province in the nation, every important city, almost every town and village, was liable to become at any moment the center of a grand "movement," heralded by a "pronunciamiento" in favor of one or another of these divinely appointed instruments of Mexican regeneration. The arts in general rather ran to seed in the land of the Aztecs, but the art of proclamation-making flourished there as it has never flourished in any other land or age.

If Maximilian of Austria is to have the slightest chance of success in his efforts to found a new dynasty of the Hapsburgs beyond the pillars of Hercules, he must begin by "squabashing" (the word belongs to Mr. Rufus Choate, not to us) this whole art and system of proclamationizing. A foreign dynasty can only fix itself in a country by asserting its complete independence of all local rivalries and ambitions. If this is done with tact and judgment, as it has been done in Belgium by the Coburg Prince Leopold, and in Sweden by the French Prince Bernadotte, a foreign dynasty may make itself even stronger than any dynasty of domestic origin could.

If it is done without tact and judgment, as it was done by the Bavarian Prince Otho, in Greece, the foreign dynasty can only sustain itself so long as it is sustained by foreign force. The world will watch with no little interest and curiosity the course of Maximilian between this hope and this peril. His determination, announced in the *Memorial Diplomatique*, to take as few foreigners with him as possible into Mexico, and to require of those whom he takes that they shall become naturalized subjects of the Mexican Empire, argues favorably for his disposition and his sagacity. His French friends have done him the double service of dispersing the armies of Juarez, and of squelching, in the person of Santa Anna, the most dangerous tendency of a domestic character left alive and active in Mexico.

Our own part in this drama, thanks to the installation of the soul of Micawber in the Department of State, is reduced to one of absolute and quiescent observation. Whatever resolutions may be offered, or whatever speeches made in Congress, we may be certain that no such initiative can now be taken or will now be taken by our Government in the Mexican question as might have been and ought to have been taken a year ago. We must reconcile ourselves to believing, with Cardinal Mazarin, that *il tempo e galantuomo*. Time is a gentleman, and if he be left to himself and not insulted and worried, will bring order out of chaos and harmony out of confusion.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND LONGSTREET.

"**T**HERE is nothing succeeds like success." So says the proverb; but there are exceptions even to this very general rule. Nations have won their independence or conquered rival nations, communities have become prosperous, and individuals have acquired fame and fortune, very often after repeated defeats, disappointments, and disasters. These exceptional cases occur in war much oftener than the cursory reader of history would suspect. There are generals who are famous, and perhaps justly so, in military annals, whose careers have not been adorned by a single victory. Two striking instances of these exceptional cases of military fame without apparent merit have occurred in the history of the present civil war. One instance is that of a Southern general, and the other of a Northern general. We allude to General Longstreet on one side, and General W. T. Sherman on the other. Longstreet has secured somehow or other a reputation and standing next to Lee as a leader of courage, endurance, and ability. Yet, strange to say, his name is not associated with a solitary victory. If any particular corps of Lee's army was worsted, it was Longstreet's. At Chickamauga it was his wing of the rebel army that General Thomas held in check. In the various independent commands which have been given him, he has failed in every object he tried to accomplish. At one time he was ordered to capture Suffolk and Norfolk, and had thirty-five thousand men with which to accomplish his ends. But Generals Dix and Peck foiled him with inferior troops in numbers and *morale*. His first movement against Knoxville was a conspicuous failure, as he was repulsed with loss and compelled to retreat before the re-enforcements arrived to General Burnside. He has barely been able to maintain his position in Eastern Tennessee, although our army in that quarter was notoriously in bad condition and feebly commanded. Yet General Longstreet is regarded as a fighting general. Southern papers speak warmly of him, and Northern soldiers regard him as an enemy not to be despised.

But General Sherman's case is still more curious. Not one solitary victory is associated with his name, notwithstanding his long connection with the Union army, while he has been repeatedly baffled and defeated. Assigned to a command in the West at a time when a telling blow might have rescued Kentucky and Tennessee from the Confederacy, he made such statements, and behaved with such apparent extravagance, that he was removed from command, and the impression that he was insane was very generally accepted. Through his favor with General Grant, he was retained in command up to the battle of Shiloh, and when the enemy retired he had charge of the advanced guard to pursue; but he stopped short, and the victory was incomplete. The disastrous first repulse from Vicksburg was when he led our troops. Previous to the battle of Mission Ridge, he was ordered to open the line of the Charleston and Memphis road to Chattanooga, but was prevented by the persistence of the rebel guerrillas under Forrest, Dodge, and Rhoddy. He however crossed the Tennessee River at Huntsville, and reached Chattanooga in time for the great battle. It is curious to notice that the only portion of the line in that battle which was bloodily repulsed was that led by General Sherman. The capture of Lookout Mountain was a most difficult feat; the scaling of Missouri Heights by Thomas's army was one of the marvels of the war; but the repulse suffered at that part of the line commanded by General Sherman is inexplicable to this day. His recent movement toward Selma was a conspicuous failure, although it is admitted he did his part well, but the co-operating movements did not support him.

Yet what has Gen. Sherman's reward been? The reputation throughout the country of being a fighting soldier. He is looked upon with due respect by the enemy, although his career has not done them any conspicuous harm. To cap the climax, he has just been appointed by General Grant to command the armies formerly wielded by himself at Chattanooga and in East Tennessee. We do not say this is not a wise appointment, but there is certainly nothing in General Sherman's career to warrant the country in supposing that he can ever achieve a decided success in the field.

The apparent ill success of other officers in obtaining the position due to the successes they have achieved is also curious to notice in this connection. The first victory of the war, in the campaign of 1861, was won by General Thomas at Mill Spring. It was his firmness and skillful handling of his troops that prevented a decided defeat at

Stone River. When the right wing, under McCook, had been scattered in disorder, Thomas not only held his own, but was enabled to push back the pursuing enemy. In the various movements which led to the evacuation of Tullahoma and the whole country between Murfreesboro and Chattanooga, it is admitted that General Thomas's services were conspicuous. Were it not for his stubbornness and ability at Chickamauga, that would have been the greatest disaster of the war, any of the Bull Runs not excepted. The most difficult feat at Mission Ridge—the scaling of the heights—was done by his army. Yet General Thomas is out of favor with General Grant, and, it is reported, is to be relieved from command at his own request, owing to a difference with the lieutenant-general.

It would be rash to say that General Sherman does not merit the confidence which General Grant has placed in him. He may yet prove to be a victorious leader; but that is not our point. It is that, so far, his career has been one of unbroken defeat.

There are other generals in the Southern service who seem to us to have been strangely treated. Beauregard, for instance, who won the first victory for the South, and whose defense of Charleston entitles him to rank as one of the greatest military engineers of the age, has been studiously kept in the background by the rebel military authorities; while Johnston, whose career has also been an unbroken line of defeats, is constantly honored with high commands, and now has supreme control of Southern military affairs in the Gulf States. There is not a single instance upon record where Johnston had the handling of an army, that he was not either defeated, outgeneraled, or compelled to retreat. Then, again, on the Northern side, it is strange that General Meade, who won one of the greatest and most important victories of the war, and who saved the capital, is to be practically displaced from the command of the Army of the Potomac. Yet it is not on record that he has made, so far, a single military mistake, unless, indeed, his failure to attack Lee before the latter crossed the Potomac should be considered such. He certainly has suffered no defeat, while time and again he has delivered telling blows against the greatest rebel commander in the field.

We make these remarks in no spirit of personal unkindness to General Sherman, whose high position must have been given him for some remarkable personal qualities that are not apparent to persons conversant with the military history of the times. It may be that the *role* of the army at Chattanooga during the coming campaign is to remain on the defensive till such time as Richmond is taken, and the line of the Virginia and Tennessee road from Chattanooga to the James River is secured. But if offensive movements are made in that department, the country has no reason to hope from his past performances that General Sherman will succeed in anything he undertakes.

STOP FURTHER PAPER MONEY ISSUES, AND TAX.
"GOLD, 70." This is an ominously high quotation. It means that the greenback dollar is worth something less than fifty-nine cents of real money—that prices of all kinds are gravitating to that standard—and that the public confidence in the national currency is quietly but surely waning. For this alarming state of the finances there is but one remedy, which is to stop further issues of paper money, and tax.

"Gold, 70." This is because our inconvertible paper currency is redundant. It has been unhealthily swollen from three hundred millions, the amount afloat previous to the war, to somewhere in the neighborhood of eight hundred millions. To get back to a normal state of the finances, these enormous overissues must be reduced, and internal taxes to the extent of three hundred millions per annum levied. Expansion has caused the trouble; contraction alone can save it. Will Congress please to put a stop to further issues of paper money, and tax?

"Gold, 70." Speculation is rampant. All who have money are fevered and mad for great gains. No one has faith in the Government currency, and hence every one is anxious to increase the quantity to make up for the loss of inherent value. The sharp, the enterprising, the unscrupulous, make great fortunes, while the mass of the working population is impoverished. The remedy is for the Government to stop further issues of paper money, and tax.

"Gold, 70." Extravagance pervades every department of society. In the midst of a war wastefully lavish of human life, when every suggestion of national feeling should compel our people to soberness and humility, revel holds high court and pleasure toys with the hours. The remedy for all is the stoppage of further paper money issues, and pitiless taxation.

"Gold, 70." This adds enormously to our national burdens. The debt we are contracting in depreciated paper must be paid some day in hard coin—gold dollar for greenback dollar—a hundred cents for fifty-nine. This is wasteful and ridiculous excess—a tax placed upon posterity at once needless and cruel. To reduce the burdens of ourself and our children, Secretary Chase must withdraw his issues of paper money, and Congress must tax.

"Gold, 70." It will not do any permanent good for Government to sell the gold in its Treasury in order to arti-

cially cheapen its price. That is a mere make-shift—wrong in principle, and which will be inoperative in practice. The only effect will be to give gold to people who want it at less than its real or market value. We must consent to a reduction of paper money issues, and heavy taxation.

"Gold, 70." And no wonder, with a national banking scheme in operation which is in fact a process for converting debt into currency. The bill shortly to be submitted to Congress, taxing out of existence the issues of the state banks, will help the national currency somewhat; but if the national banks supply the vacuum thus created by additional issues, the country will be no better off, while innocent people will suffer. We must stop the issue of paper money, and tax.

"Gold, 70." Secretary Chase, it is reported, is to be in New York this week. No matter what plausible scheme he may have to propose to our leading moneyed men, he must be made to understand distinctly that all over the North, and in all classes of society, there is a unanimous demand for the stoppage of further paper money issues, and heavier taxation.

IRRELIGION OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

WE have on two occasions had something to say relative to the great falling away in the standard of our religious journals. We have referred to their aimless and perfunctory character, their weak and diluted literature and criticism, and, above all, to the prostitution of their advertising columns to shameless and disgraceful bulletins. It was not our intention to add more upon the subject; but the evil is increasing so rapidly, and the conductors of these journals in several cases seem so completely carried away with the fever of the hour, that we cannot forbear lifting up our voice once more in solemn protest against this alarming religious degradation and mockery.

For the reason that, under the garb of religion, they dole out purchased puffs and eulogies of books which are stupid in the extreme and often corrupting; for the reason that, for a good bank account, they place filthy and disgusting reading in most conspicuous columns; for the reason that they give a diluted piety, and not a thorough devotion and Christian consecration, to Him for whose glory they profess to labor; for the reason that they either have not the inclination or the courage to raise their voice against the evil books which are being scattered in floods over the land; for the reason that they do not strive to elevate the tone of journalism, secular as well as religious—for these reasons, we charge them with degrading their means of usefulness and making a solemn mockery of things high and holy.

In a former article we noted two prominent instances of this shameless perversion of religious journalism—the *Observer* and the *Independent*. Since then the latter paper has been, if possible, more open and unblushing in its secular and avaricious schemes than ever. It cannot be called a proper paper to be read in any Christian household on the Sabbath day. Nor is the *Observer* far removed from this same worldliness, although not so wholly given up to dilutions of everything holy and unholy. How they dare to call themselves religious when so irreligious, is a proper subject for wonder. But wonder is soon resolved into shame and sadness as we think of a great power wasted, a great field neglected.

In its issue of March 17, the *Independent* published a note from a subscriber, inquiring as to what constitutes a religious paper. In the face of thirty-two flaring columns of advertisements, sixteen columns of articles and items on everything from politics to sewing machines, with only here and there an intimation of any religious professions, the conductors of that journal were conscience-hardened enough to answer the inquiry by referring to the *Independent* as an example! A religious paper, and whole columns of filthy advertisements. A religious paper, and overflowing with puffs and politics, war news and business. Surely it is a new type of Christianity which admits such a calendar within the pale of religion! A religious paper? Anything remarkably profitable in reading a eulogy of a sewing machine by the wife of the editor, almost side by side with the Cherokee Remedy? Does it suggest the highest happiness to mankind to read of *Constitution Water* and a clergyman's puff of Bronchial Troches with the same glance? Is it an element of religion to aid in curing vile diseases? Is it a pulpit power to be able to write handsome notices of sewing machines and medicines? Is it absolutely necessary to a man's highest development that he should interlard his Sabbath reading with everything secular? Is it right, is it mathematical, to call a paper made up so largely of irreligious religious journal? These questions are asked with propriety by all who are interested in the Christian welfare of their fellow-men, and they are answered by every man's good sense.

We protest, then, against this degradation and pernicious influence. The man, or the men, who can use such powerful instruments for good, for personal profit and aggrandizement, must take a fearful responsibility—more than we should suppose any person could be content to bear. But beyond this, and higher far, there is a duty to be fulfilled to the progressive spirit which Providence implants in the soul of religion as well as in secular matters. War is bad enough, public

confidence ruined is bad enough, but there is no evil to be dreaded like that of a prostituted press. And when a journal, professing to draw its inspiration from the very altar of sacred incense, throws down the stronghold of its might and falls in with the current of passion, and bows to public opinion and to money, that is the worst of all—the most to be dreaded. The people have a right to claim a certain degree of decency from the secular press. To the religious press they look for encouragement and support in all efforts for that which is pure and good. Is there not to be a day of better things? Shall we not have pure religion and undefiled by such dilutions and perversions? In short, may we not hope for a cleaner, better, truer, religious press?

GARRICK'S PERSONATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

WE left Garrick, in a former article, just as he had opened his career in *Richard*. His success was not long in becoming known. Before he was prepared for his second great Shakespearean part, all West End were coming in coaches and chairs to see the new actor at the little out-of-the-way play-house in Goodman's Fields. He had found a way through his genius to the intimacy of all that was great in literature and society. Pope had seen his *Richard*, and his approval was a tower of strength. The old actors shrugged their shoulders, and played on at the licensed houses to empty benches. You might know the actor's lodgings by the equipages before it, and all ways to the theater he was rendering famous were blocked early in the afternoon with the carriages of the aristocracy. With this prestige secured, and after having tried the ghost in *Hamlet*, he determined upon the more weighty venture of *Lear*. We particularize these personations of Garrick's, because they were revolutionary beyond comparison, and their success is so nearly allied with the interpretation of Shakespeare which began in his day and has been continued in ours.

There was a certain dashing young physician at this time, well known in theatrical circles, who sat at the Bedford, an umpire among the cliques. His career had not been immaculate, but he was thought to be a critic, and so Dr. Barrowly was joined with Macklin in the council to which Garrick first stated his intentions. They did not presume to advise him, but listened to his declared purposes. Several generations after this, when the highest critical interpretation of Shakespeare was thought to have been reached in Coleridge, it is put forth by that master that Shakespeare's characters are all *genera* intensely individualized—the result of meditation, of which observation supplied the drapery and the colors necessary to combine them with each other. The matter had certainly not been then so deeply thought out, and Quin had satisfied the town with mere mouthing of the part. Barton Booth was remembered as ardent, but with no fine gradations and contrasts of the father and the king. The story of Garrick's study of "Lear" has been often told, but never with much understanding of the new significance. It had happened not long before that a father, fondling a child at an open window, had allowed it to spring from his arms, to be dashed to pieces on the pavement below. The agony of the parent, increased by a sense of his own carelessness, produced insanity, which subjected him at times to paroxysms of madness, when he would go over in pantomimic action the dreadful occurrence. Garrick, by the intercession of a friend, saw him many times in this state, and although the madness of the royal Lear was of such a different origin, we can well believe the actor that he felt more adequate to the task of personating it, now that he had studied this individual case. It is very certain, at all events, that he separated the two instances in his mind, for he frequently gave in private, as an adjunct to the terrible midnight scene in Shakespeare, the equally terrible story of the frantic father. Here, then, was the *genera* intensely individualized, and Shakespeare had never been subjected to such scrutiny. And yet with this promise Garrick did not feel equal to rendering full justice to Shakespeare, as Macready was long afterward the first to do, by discarding the substituted scenes of Tate—a failure that has laid him open to much blame with later critics. Lamb, in one of his acute but rather petulant essays, broadly charges that "Tate put his hook in the nostrils of his Leviathan for Garrick and the showman of the scene to draw the mighty beast about more easily." De Quincey, with more logic and less impulse, recognizes here as elsewhere that possession is nine points in the law, and an innovation that could be attempted with impunity in Macready's day was hazardous in the times of catcalls and bludgeons. It must be remembered that Garrick had the *public* taste to school, and, as we shall see, was frequently compelled to be deferential to what he in person disapproved. When Tate fashioned his *Lear*, Betterton had granted the theater-goers the luxury of moving scenery, and his omitting the scenes in Burgundy was simply a contrivance to hide the paucity of their stage properties, and a substitution of scenes on English soil entailed the mawkish by-play of love between Edgar and Cordelia, which the last century found so diverting. Garrick altered Tate's copy so as to restore some scenes that had been omitted, and certainly debated the point of returning to the original catastrophe; but tradition, and the general approval of his cotemporaries, such

as Johnson, who shrank from the Shakespearean ending, made him decide upon the usual copy, which brought the king well out of his miseries, and made him dance at Cordelia's wedding. It is hardly to be wondered at, when, five-and-twenty years later, Colman, in refashioning the prompter's copy, was still constrained to keep to this final triumph. Schroeder, the actor who introduced the play upon the German stage, also awarded the king a victory over his subjects, and reseated him at the close on the throne by Cordelia's side. Garrick had intended at one time the restoration of the fool, but he was at last deterred, for fear his vagaries would interrupt the predominant solemnity of the scene. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons inherited Garrick's copy and adhered to it; and not till Macready's day, as we have said, was the long desired change effected.

The young actor's great success secured him, after a summer's engagement in Dublin, the coveted position at Drury Lane, and he signalized his attaining rank at the more fashionable end of the town by appearing in *Hamlet*, in which part he had already impeded his wings while in Ireland. This play, unlike the others, came from the prompter's hands with few, if any, alterations, though with some erasures that Garrick ventured upon removing, such as for instance the advice to the players, which had long been omitted. We will not stop to show how Garrick brought the same spirit as before to the creation of this stage-character. A visit to Stratford, made the following summer, showed his reverence for the author he was now doing so much to illustrate. He sat with Sir Hugh Clopton under the mulberry tree, and listened to his traditional stories. He walked in its pleached alleys and upon its sunny terraces, and looked upon the last home of Shakespeare, and saw what there is nothing existing of sufficient genuineness to enable us to describe.

He marked his third London season (1743-4) by his first important restoration of Shakespeare, which was the displacement of Davenant's *Opera* by the genuine *Macbeth*. What the town had long endured in this tragedy, surprises us now. Lady Macbeth had been represented as a mere scold, haunted by ghosts supplementary to Shakespeare's creations. The Weird Sisters were turned into a mob of be-deviled women in every variety of St. Giles costume, who danced and sang at most inopportune moments. In an inserted scene Lady Macbeth was represented in wretched rhyme as advising her lord to resign the crown. Such was the play that Quin had but just repeated, and when he heard that the little actor was going to do differently, he exclaimed, "What do I not play Macbeth as Shakespeare wrote it?" and in the same ignorance he asked Garrick, when he saw him, where he got such out-of-the-way expressions as "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon."

The play had heretofore been chiefly liked for Locke's music, and it was doubted if even Garrick could raise the character to the first class. The intention gave rise to a paper-warfare among the small wits, and Garrick joined in it himself, in a piece of humorous irony on his own acting. Johnson professed to think the play the worse for representation, and considered the hero to be portrayed with a lack of discrimination—a sentence perhaps singular enough in view of the constant study it has occasioned both among the players and the critics. Lamb would have joined with him on the former ground, yet it is curious to observe how the very force of the argument which he puts in its disfavor as an acting play, attests how the personation of Kemble brought its grandly moral truths home to his soul so very powerfully that he shrank from it. This same argument is employed by Coleridge for the opposite end, when he values good acting as a wheel that draws a moral for the masses from the profound depths of a Shakespeare's mind. Mr. Fletcher (in his "Studies of Shakespeare") has gone to some length to prove the peculiar adaptedness of *Macbeth* to the stage, and he brings to its support that it is more frequently performed than any other Shakespearean play. We have not tasked ourselves to verify this statement, but during Garrick's day, if we regard the number of seasons only that it was played, we find "Hamlet," "Lear," "Richard III," and "Othello" take rank with it, while in frequency of stage editions since Garrick's day, the "Merchant of Venice" and "King John," besides "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Richard," exceed it. Garrick himself played it a less number of times than any other of his principal Shakespearean parts, and after this first run of it he rarely gave more than a single representation a season, sometimes omitting it altogether, and during the latter part of his career dropped it wholly. He doubtless felt that his person ill suited the athletic warrior, and nobleness of stature, which was evidently intended to be in contrast with his almost feminine irresolution, that makes the taunts of his wife so effective. Kemble's figure was well set off by the Thane's Scottish costume, and that single eagle's plume that Scott prided himself in slanting across the actor's noble brow, became it fittingly. But Garrick's smaller shape wanted the graceful negligence of the tartan, for he never assumed it. To read at the present day of Macbeth's being dressed in a general's uniform of the time of George the Second, has something ludicrous as well as surprising, but not more so, perhaps, than to learn that Kemble played Hamlet with his hair in powder.

Schlegel remarks the prudent dexterity of Shakespeare's refraining from implicating Banquo in the murder of Duncan, because he wished to flatter James, his lineal descendant. Much the same spirit of prudence must be Garrick's excuse for his present neglect of costume. To innovate upon established custom at all was hazardous, and to have displayed before the loyal citizens of London the national costume of the North, at a time when the Pretender was on his way to incite them to rebellion, would have jeopardized success, if nothing more unpleasant than failure followed. Garrick certainly always assigned this as his reason; and nothing but such a necessity could have kept him to the tight habit of a modern military officer. Garrick's only mistake in textual rendering was in giving Macbeth a dying speech, for it had long been the custom to represent his mortal agonies within sight of the audience, and Davenant had awarded him a single line at the last. The usual directions represent Macbeth as leaving the stage fighting, and subsequently Macduff enters with the head of his victim. In Shakespeare's day, with an audience accustomed to imagine much upon a mere hint, anything that would tell the story, and without such a resemblance to a bloody head as would disgust, might have sufficed; but with the greater attention to verisimilitude that Garrick brought it, nothing would be endurable in an artistic sense that was not plainly a reeking head, and it is equally certain such an exact resemblance would be sympathetically revolting.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT STUART.

AT the head of Petaquamscoot Pond in Rhode Island, shut in on all sides but the south by hills, stands a high old-fashioned gambrel-roofed, low-portalized, and massive house, wearing the appearance of a good old age. Here was the birthplace and early home of Gilbert Stuart, the finest portrait painter America has yet been able to claim as her own, and one who in his day had no superior, even in England, the land that at the same period boasted of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Opie, and Lawrence.

In this out-of-the-way place Gilbert Stewart, son of "Gilbert Stewart the snuff-grinder," was christened on Palm Sunday, April 11, 1755—so says the parish record. Later in life, for some reason best known to himself, he changed the orthography of his name, which has since been known as Stuart. How his father came to settle in that retired spot, then a wilderness and still away from the haunts of men, is quickly told. He was a Scot and a millwright, and came to this land of promise under the auspices of Dr. Moffat, a learned physician of the Boerhaavean school, and who saw large profits to be made in the manufacture of snuff, then imported in great quantities from Glasgow. This much we learned from the late Dr. Waterhouse; here stood the mill by the little fall that gave the motive power, and here the trade began. But the Dr. does not tell us the sequel of the snuff-mill project, which for a time ran on as merry as the rill that turned the ponderous wheel, and so long as bottles, new and old, square, round, oblong, and flat could be obtained to hold the precious snuff prepared for market. The time, however, came when no more bottles could be had, except by importation—a long and tedious and expensive process; and so the snuff-grinder hit upon an expedient worthy of his Scottish brain—that of packing his favorite Maccoboy in bladders, always to be had of various kinds and assorted sizes. The idea was happily conceived, but it was in advance of the age. The patrons of the mills could not see it in the proper light, nor could they be made to believe that "to him who is pure all things are pure;" and so the business was over; the sign, if any had graced the establishment, was taken down; the great wheel stood idle by the race, and the little stream, that had torn and fretted so often in its effort to do its part to promote the enterprise, rested for a season—rested till a shrewd Yankee brought it into play to grind his corn.

We entered the house on the west by a door level with the top of the bank, which slopes so rapidly to the east as to allow of a basement on that side wholly out of ground, and now given up to the pigs and poultry raised on the place. There is little to attract attention on either floor. The ceilings are low, the fireplace wide and flaring, and the stairs are both steep and contracted. For the asking, one may see the room in which the painter first saw the light, and, having surveyed a spot so full of interest, we turned to the surroundings of the house. These have undergone but slight change since the time when the youthful Gilbert climbed the trees that bend to kiss the little stream in which his naked limbs were often laved. The bream and perch that rise to catch the crumbs we cast upon the water are no less tame and quite as innocent of the angler's hook, and the sun plays hide-and-seek the same in the thick wood that makes a fitting background to the scene.

Little relating to the early life of Stuart has been preserved. We know that he was still young when he first relied upon his own resources, and that he was quite a painter before he entered his teens. Whilst a student at the grammar school at Newport, chance threw in his way a Scotch gentleman, by the name of Alexander, who taught him the rudiments of art. The hand thus guided made rapid progress, and when he had attained to his majority he went

to London, where he studied under West, and soon became eminent. In 1793 he returned to America, after an absence of nearly twenty years, to paint the portrait of Washington. How well he performed the task he had assigned himself, we all know, and long will his name be cherished for this and many other noble portraits that came from his hand—all true to nature, rich in color, and drawn with consummate skill.

Stuart's manner was often discourteous—at times even rough—and of snuff he habitually used large quantities, carrying it loose in his vest-pocket and applying it in great pinches—as much as the ends of his fingers would hold—to one nostril for a week, the other nostril taking its turn the following week. Of his means he was wasteful, and during a life of more than threescore years and ten, he gathered nothing to leave his family. With his pencil he could always secure enough for immediate wants, and took no thought for the morrow; nor would he paint the portrait of any one who did not strike him favorably. But these peculiarities are now forgotten, and at the mention of his name we think only of the gems of art he has left us—exquisite portraits of the distinguished men and beautiful women who were his sitters during the early part of the present century.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN PHÆNIX.

II.

THE great beauty of the humor of "John Phœnix" was that there was not a particle of ill-nature about it. He was not one of those sour, discontented, satirical, practical jokers, so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good-nature and good fellowship he cherished; and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him. We have mentioned how he joked us some-deal in introducing himself to us as a Mr. Ferguson whom we had met before. But a funnier, and perhaps a more perplexing thing, was what he did to a clerical missionary from the Mission Dolores, a forlorn establishment not far from San Francisco. The aforesaid missionary was a lean "Yank," as our rebellious rebel brethren would term him; very poor and very pious, but one among the most inquisitive of his tribe. He was introduced by Mr. Phœnix to his wife, an accomplished and attractive lady, to whom the missionary was anxious, of course, to make himself acceptable. After the usual changes were rung upon the usual meteorological topics, the growth and wickedness of San Francisco, the learned prelate suddenly asked:

"Captain Derby, what was the name of your good lady before you married her?"

Without moving a muscle, and looking him steadily in the eye, John Phœnix replied:

"Her name, sir, was Coon (which it was, by the by, being that of an opulent and well-known family in Saint Louis); you must have heard of her father?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered the missionary.

"You have forgotten it, probably, but he was well known; Zip Coon, "old Zip Coon," they used to call him. He was a United States senator for several years, and was very popular, everybody who knew him always speaking of him as a clever fellow.

"Oh, yes," responded the simple-minded prelate, "I do now remember having heard of him; there were some exceedingly complimentary elegiac lines written upon him after his death."

Not a smile, says our informant, who witnessed this scene and heard this conversation, mantled the face of John Phœnix during the whole of it.

His power of face, in fact, was something wonderful, as is sufficiently attested by the following authentic anecdote: He was sitting on one occasion in the guests' lolling-room of the New York Hotel, fronting on Broadway, when a little beggar girl came in, and, with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving, benevolent countenance, and approached him, asking alms. She was very young, innocent-looking, and had none of the juvenile whine and persistency of most young mendicants whom one meets in the streets and in the halls of our public hotels. Phœnix at once assumed a mournful expression of face, and began to talk, as it were, confidentially and very affectionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he,

"Having early lost his mother,
Without sister, without brother,"

was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with nobody to look to; and often and often he had not known where to get a piece of bread, or where he was to sleep at night. The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten; the lolling guests, most of whom knew Captain Derby, gathered around; when what was their surprise to see the poor, sympathetic beggar-child go close up to him, and in a quiet, confidential way take out of the little side-pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered during the day, and place it in his hand. This tribute to Mr. Derby's power of countenance and manner, and the exquisitely beautiful evidence of the effect of it in the act of the little girl, struck every person present

with a kindred admiration. It is needless to add that the tender-hearted and generous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small yet great benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions, educated from the sympathetic pockets of the by-standers.

Some one (we think it was Sydney Smith) once said that "No man ought to pretend to hock who was not certain that his grandfather had seen it in a green bottle!" John Phœnix once upon a time improved upon this idea somewhat, as we think. Before leaving West Point he entertained at dinner half a dozen of his friends and fellow-graduates, among whom was General McClellan, from whom the subjoined account of most amazing incident of the occasion is derived: Good hock, in the wine-list of a well-appointed dinner, was a thing not to be intermitted; but Phœnix was disappointed in not receiving it; but he made amends. In the wine-cooler at his side he had a bottle of pale sherry, and at the side of each friend's plate a pair of green spectacles. When the hock in its course was to be served, he said:

"Gentlemen, put on your glasses, and we'll try a glass of Metternich hock, with everything in keeping."

Each guest admitted that the wine looked like hock, as they saw it, and it required a very little stretch of the imagination to make them think that it tasted like hock. "In fact," says our informant, "the illusion was complete."

Happening to be in Boston—we believe he was temporarily stationed there at the time in an official capacity—he chanced to be walking through Washington street, when his attention was arrested by a sign, which he did not exactly understand, but which his inquiring mind was desirous of investigating. The sign read, "Call and Tuttle." Phœnix went into the store, a fine establishment, with all the appointments of an elegant resort of the *haut ton*, and said:

"I have called to *tuttle*; I have never *tuttled*, but I should like to. How much is it?"

"Mr. Tuttle is out," said a dapper clerk, "but he will be in a few moments."

"I can't wait," said Phœnix, "but when he comes in say to him that to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I will call and *tuttle*."

While Captain Derby was paying his addresses to the fair and accomplished lady whom he afterward made his wife, he never paid her a compliment, although he had abundant reason to do so. The nearest approach to a compliment which he ever made was one morning when he said to her:

"M——, for an ugly woman, you look better this morning than I ever saw you look before!"

On another occasion, during his "sparkling" days, he said to her, with the most imperturbable immobility of countenance:

"Miss C——, do you dip?"

Naturally vexed, she replied:

"I think I know what you mean; and I feel that you pay me a very poor compliment and less respect by the insinuation implied in the question."

"Oh, not at all," replied Mr. Phœnix; "I thought you was more than usually excited; I knew you did not drink, and I have been told that dipping produces great exhilaration of spirits."

Dipping, it may be necessary to explain to the uninitiated, is a custom not unusual in portions of the South and Southwest. It consists in taking a linen swab, tied upon the end of a stick, dipping it in yellow Scotch snuff, and chewing it.

SKETCHING CLUBS.

IS there such an organization as a sketching club in the city of New York? If there is, it certainly must have been "born to blush unseen," for its existence is unknown to any of the artists and amateurs with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted.

The question suggested itself to us as we were looking over a collection of very curious sketches brought to the hammer on Saturday last, by Messrs. H. H. Leeds & Co. These sketches possess a certain interest irrespective of their intrinsic merits. They are the production of a little knot of celebrated English artists who, half a century ago, resolved themselves into a sketching club, and used to meet once a week at each other's houses, in turn, where they were furnished with sketching materials and a subject by the host of the evening, to whom the drawings produced on the occasion were presented as his proper perquisite. The time allowed for the production of the sketches was only two hours, so that suggestion instead of execution is that, of course, in which their charm chiefly consists. Color appears but sparingly in them, as the work was done at night. Most of them are bold, rough drawings in India ink or sepia, with the outlines firmly defined.

It is a thing to ponder on—that little coterie of artists forty or fifty years ago, of whom Clarkson Stanfield is now the only one left. How keenly they must have gone to work when the word "Connoisseur" was given to them as the subject of the evening! The war-whoop of the caricaturist went up then, as we observe from some of the sketches, and as was natural when artists get the word to

"go in with a rush"—or a brush—at connoisseurs. We figure to ourselves the courtly Chalon at work upon the occasion, knocking off with well-considered dashes and blots his idea of the "connoisseur," who is treated by him as a stout old person, seated with his back to the spectator, and his head well into a large picture, which he seems to be examining with a view to microscopic effects. Chalon could play at caricaturist with the button off his foil. M. Sala calls him *jour à gauche* Chalon, and the epithet is apt, because in most of his drawings the shadows are dashed off to the right. It was a mannerism of his; and the great personages who sat to him had no partiality to complain of as to the side from which the artist allowed the light to fall upon them. Leslie gives us his reminiscence of America in one of the sketches on the subject of savage life, where we see in the background a faint glimpse of the Horse Shoe Fall at Niagara. Stanfield, of course, brings in his ships wherever he can do so without a violation of the unities; and the sketches of Cristall, Bone, Uwins, Partridge, and other members of the famous little band, are each characteristic of the artists respectively, and marked by more or less readiness of conception and rapid sweep of hand.

What glee there must have been when supper was announced, and the sketches were placed side by side! What laughter when some two of them were found to be nearly similar in treatment, and the host of the evening quoted—as under the circumstances he, of course, felt himself called upon to do—the recondite old saw referring to the simultaneous manner in which "great wits jump!" *Notes canaque deorum* indeed must those happily devised unbendings from the more serious work of the studios have been.

Perhaps the hint furnished by the series of clever sketches to which we refer, may not be thrown away upon our artists and amateurs. The former have their hands very full of work now, to be sure, and, on the time-honored principle of "making hay while the sun shines," they might hardly see fit, at present, to devote their attention to anything in the line of gratuitous art; but there are a good many amateurs among us yet, who have not been carried away by the drain of war; and we hope that they will take a hint from these few words of ours, and try to vary the somewhat barren frivolities of city life by the organization of one or more sketching clubs.

THE LATE MR. EBEN MERIAM.

THE late Eben Meriam, of Brooklyn, was a most remarkable specimen of the genuine New England-born, eccentric American. He was better known as "E. M., the weather-man," on account of his writing numerous articles for New York papers on the condition of the weather. From a sketch of his life, understood to have been essentially written by himself, we learn that he was born in 1795, in Concord, Mass.; that he was connected by blood with the Merriams of Springfield, publishers of Webster's Dictionary, "who have adopted an additional *r* to their names;" that he "spent a part of his school-days at Groton Academy under old Master Butler, that old-fashioned New England school-master;" that he "engaged in trade in New York" (manufacturing and dealing in soap and candles); that for over thirty years he "kept records of weather, storms, rain, lightning, atmospheric phenomena, state acts on various subjects, accidents to bird-shooters, and instances of kindness and cruelty to animals." It is also triumphantly stated, in his peculiar way, that "Ralph Waldo Emerson's mother's grandfather, Rev. Mr. Ripley, was Meriam's parish clergyman."

Mr. Meriam's scholastic education was of a somewhat limited character, but his extended observation supplied him with a large fund of general knowledge, especially on the particular subjects to which he devoted himself. His earlier years were spent upon the paternal acres, where he received a common-school education, and near which he entered a country store. His taste for meteorology soon after led him to engage in the manufacture of saltpeter in Kentucky, where he often visited and partially explored the Mammoth Cave. In Zanesville, Ohio, he subsequently carried on the dry-goods business, and by his application there, and afterward to manufacturing of soap and candles in this city, he collected the money which has enabled him to pursue unremittingly the scientific observations that have since then occupied his time. In 1841 he also commenced the issue of the *Municipal Gazetteer*, a journal devoted to the publication of his labors and the advancement of his theory of the cycles of atmospheric phenomena.

Mr. Meriam's office, at his residence on Brooklyn Heights, presented a somewhat curious appearance. Five lightning-rods pointed upward from the roof, and ten thermometers hung upon the outer wall, to which wires were connected, leading to pits of salt water in the cellar, in accordance with his theory of atmospheric temperature. His office was crowded with boxes of pigeon-holes, curious specimens of stones and miscellaneous things, stereotype plates of papers, and great volumes of daily records of temperature from the year 1788. He carefully preserved all his printed newspaper contributions, some 1,400 of which appeared in the

Journal of Commerce, and had "an index of seventy-two foolscap pages" referring to them. In much of this labor he was assisted by his wife and two daughters, but formerly employed three clerks, except during legislative sessions, when six were continually occupied in the collection of statistics.

During many years Mr. Merriam was in the habit of rising at certain hours of the night and taking his accustomed observations of the air and sky, and for this purpose he had trained a favorite dog to wake him, by whining and scratching at his bedroom door as the clock struck the appointed time. It is said that he regretted most keenly the loss of his faithful canine, which finally expired of old age.

In personal appearance, Mr. Merriam was also an eccentric man. His hair was pretty long and stood out straight from his head like a bunch of wire, or as if charged with electricity and insulated. In all seasons he wore the same amount of thin clothing, and, though devoting fifteen or sixteen hours each day to his labors, his habits were exceedingly temperate.

But among all the remarkable traits of his character, perhaps none stood out so conspicuous and have so endeared him to his suffering fellow-men, as his great benevolence and kindness of heart. However much of ridicule people may have cast upon his eccentricity in his attempts to be a scientific man, his continual Micawber-like looking for "something to turn up," or his enthusiasm in "securing a piece of the Aurora Borealis," this unostentatious kind-heartedness to the unfortunate and suffering, whether of man or beast, always won the highest admiration of those who knew him. The poor loved him, and often when he came home after a brief absence he would find a half-dozen waiting in hopes of sympathy and assistance, which was most generously extended. He would sometimes find a stray and wounded dog in the street, hurt by fighting with another, or injured by mischievous boys, and would take it home and care for it till it recovered. In one instance a dog which had thus been cured of a broken leg visited him again several weeks afterward in company with another suffering from a similar accident, and Mr. Merriam was so much pleased with this evidence of canine intelligence that the fact was recorded among his documents.

A remarkable incident is related of Mr. Merriam, showing how close an observer he was of himself. It is indeed neither extremely improbable nor unusual that a person who studies his own physical constitution and powers of vitality as earnestly and carefully as he evidently did, should be able to measure and estimate with some degree of accuracy how much disease and exposure at such an advanced age life will be likely to sustain. About a week before his death, when he was first attacked by the sickness that resulted fatally, a friend of his in this city received a note from Mr. Merriam containing a request to call and see him. The gentleman was himself unwell at the time, and sent his wife to ascertain Mr. Merriam's wishes. On visiting him and inquiring what was desired, Mr. Merriam stated that he had no particular object, except to see his friend once more before he died, as he believed that his last sickness was approaching. The family were extremely surprised at this statement, regarding his illness as merely slight and temporary, but he persisted in believing that he should not recover. So the event proved. The indisposition resulted in dropsy of the liver, and he died March 19, in the seventieth year of his age, passing away perhaps to record with renewed enthusiasm the empyrean splendors of a brighter firmament.

JUDITH.

I.

JUDITH IN THE TOWER.

Now Holofernes with his barbarous hordes, The scum of twenty servile sovereignties, Crost the Euphrates, laying waste the land To Esdrælon, and, falling on the town Of Bethulia, stormed it night and day Incessant, till within the leaguered walls The boldest captains faltered; for at length The wells gave out, and then the barley failed, And Famine, like a murderer masked and cloaked, Stole in among the garrison. The air Was filled with lamentation, women's moans And cries of children: and at night there came A fever, parching as a fierce sirocco. Yet Holofernes could not batter down The brazen gates, nor make a single breach With beam or catapult in those tough walls: And white with rage among the tents he strode, Among the squalid Tartar tents he strode And cursed the gods that gave him not his will, And cursed his captains, cursed himself, and all; Then, seeing in what strait the city was, Withdrew his men hard by the fated town Amid the hills, and with a grim-set smile Waited, aloof, until the place should fall. All day the housetops lay in sweltering heat; All night the watch-fires flared upon the towers; And day and night with Israelitish spears The bastions bristled.

In a tall square Tower, Fall-fronting on the vile Assyrian camp, Sat Judith, pallid as the three-weeks' moon That hung half-faded in the dreary sky; And ever and anon she turned her eyes To where, between two vapor-haunted hills, The dreadful army like a caldron seethed. She heard, far off, the camels' gurgling groan, The clank of arms, the stir and buzz of camps; Beheld the camp-fires, flaming fiends of night That leapt, and with red hands clutched at the dark; And now and then as some mailed warrior stalked Athwart the fires, she saw his armor gleam. Beneath her stretched the temples and the tombs, The city sickening of its own thick breath, And over all the sleepless Pleiades.

A star-sweet face, with floating clouds of hair— Merari's daughter, dead Manasses' wife, Who (since the barley-harvest when he died), By holy charities, and prayers, and fasts, Walked with the angels in her widow's weeds, And kept her pure in honor of the dead. But dearer to her bosom than the dead Was Israel, its Prophets and its God: And that dread midnight, in the Tower alone, Believing He would hear her from afar, She lifted up the voices of her soul Above the wrangling voices of the world:

"O are we not Thy children who of old Trod the Chaldean idols in the dust, And in Mesopotamia worshiped Thee?

"Didst Thou not lead us unto Chanaan For love of us, because we spurned the gods? Didst Thou not bless us that we worshiped Thee?

"And when a famine covered all the land, And drove us unto Egypt, where the King Did persecute Thy chosen to the death—

"Didst Thou not smite the swart Egyptians then, And guide us through the bowels of the deep That swallowed up their horsemen and their King?

"For saw we not, a in a wondrous dream, The up-tost javelins, the plunging steeds, The chariots sinking in the wild Red Sea?

"O Lord, Thou hast been with us in our woe, And from Thy bosom Thou hast cast us forth, And to Thy bosom taken us again:

"For we have built our temples in the hills By Sini, and on Jordan's flowery banks, And in Jérusalem we worship Thee.

"O Lord, look down and help us. Stretch Thy hand And free Thy people. Make us pure in faith, And draw us nearer, nearer unto Thee."

As when a harpstring trembles at a touch, And music runs through all its quivering length, And does not die, but seems to float away, A silvery mist uprising from the string: So Judith's prayer rose tremulous in the night, And floated upward unto other spheres; And Judith loosed the hair about her brows, And bent her head, and wept for Israel.

Now while she wept, bowed like a lotus-flower That watches its own shadow in the Nile, A stillness seemed to fall upon the land, As if from out the calyx of a cloud That blossomed suddenly 'twixt the earth and moon, It fell—and presently there came a sound Of many pinions rustling in the dark, And voices mingling, far and near, and strange As sea-sounds on some melancholy coast. Wherewith she started, and with one quick hand Brushed back the plenteous tresses from a cheek That whitened like a lily, and so stood, Nor breathed, nor moved, but listened with her soul; And at her side, invisible, there leaned An Angel mantled in his folded wings— To her invisible, but other eyes Beheld the saintly countenance, for, lo! Great clouds of spirits swooped about the Tower And drifted in the eddies of the wind. The Angel stooped, and from his radiant brow, And from the gleaming amaranth in his hair, A splendor fell on Judith, and she grew, From her black tresses to her arch'd feet, Fairer than morning in Arabia. Then silently the Presence spread his vane, And rose—a luminous shadow in the air, And through the zodiac, a white star, shot.

As one that wakens from a trance, she turned, And heard the twilight twitterings of birds, The wind i' the turret, and from far below Camp-sounds of pawing hoof and clinking steel; And in the East she saw the early dawn Breaking the Night's enchantment—saw the Moon, Like some wan sorceress, vanish in mid-heaven, Leaving a moth-like glimmer where she died.

Now from the dewy lowlands floated up Loose folds of mist that caught at every crag And melted in the sunlight; then the Morn Stood full and perfect on the jasper hills. And Judith rose, and down the spiral stairs Descended to the garden of the Tower, Where, at the gate, lounged Achior, lately fled From Holofernes; as she passed she spoke: "The Lord be with thee, Achior, all thy days." And Achior saw the Spirit of the Lord Had been with her, and, in a single night, Worked such a miracle of form and face As left her lovelier than all womankind Who was before the fairest in Judea. But she, unconscious of God's miracle, Moved swiftly on among a frozen group Of statues that with empty, slim-necked urns Taunted the thirsty Seneschal, until She came to where, beneath the spreading palms, Sat Chabris with Ozias and his friend Charmis, governors of the leaguered town. They saw a glory shining on her face Like daybreak, and they marveled as she stood Bending before them with humility. And wrinkled Charmis murmured through his beard: "This woman walketh in the smile of God."

"So walk we all," spoke Judith. "Evermore His light envelops us, and only those Who turn aside their faces droop and die In utter midnight. If we faint we die. O, is it true, Ozias, thou hast sworn To yield our people to their enemies After five days, unless the Lord shall stoop From heaven to help us?"

And Ozias said: "Our young men die upon the battlements; Our wives and children by the dusty wells Lie down and perish."

"If we faint we die. The weak heart builds its palace on the sand, The flood-tide eats the palace of a fool: But whoso trusts in God, as Jacob did, Though suffering greatly even to the end, Dwells in a citadel upon a rock That wind nor wave nor fire shall topple down."

"Our young men die upon the battlements," Answered Ozias; "by the dusty wells Our wives and children."

"They shall go and dwell With Seers and Prophets in eternal joy! Is there no God?"

"One only," Chabris spoke, "But now His face is darkened in a cloud. He sees not Israel."

"Is His mercy less Than Holofernes'? Shall we place our faith In this fierce bull of Assur—are we mad That we so tear our throats with our own hands?" And Judith's eyes flashed battle on the three, Though all the woman quivered at her lip Struggling with tears.

"In God we place our trust," Said old Ozias, "yet for five days more."

"Ah! His time is not man's time," Judith cried, "And why should we, the dust about His feet, Decide the hour of our deliverance, Saying to Him, *Thus shalt Thou do, and so?*"

Then gray Ozias bowed his head, abashed That eighty winters had not made him wise For all the drifted snow of his long beard: "This woman speaks most wisely. We were wrong That in our anguish mocked the Lord our God, The staff, the scrip, the stream whereat we drink." And then to Judith: "Child, what wouldst thou have?"

"I know and know not. Something wild and strange Makes music in my bosom; as I move A presence goes before me, and I hear New voices mingling in the upper air; Within my hand there seems another hand Close-prest, that leads me to yon dreadful camp; While in my brain the fragments of a dream Lie like a broken string of diamonds, The choicest missing. Ask no more. I know And know not. See! the very air is white With fingers pointing. Where they point I go: Some strange spell drags me thither, and I go."

She spoke and paused; the three old men looked up And saw a sudden motion in the air Of white hands waving: and they dared not speak, But muffled their thin faces in their robes, And sat like those grim statues which the wind Near some unpeopled city in the East From foot to forehead wrap in desert dust.

"Ere thrice the shadow of the temple slants Across the fountain, I shall come again," Thus Judith softly: then a gleam of light

Played through the silken lashes of her eyes,
As lightning through the purple of a cloud
On some still tropic evening, when the breeze
Lifts not a single blossom from the bough:
"What lies in that unfolded flower of time
No man may know. The thing I can I will,
Leaning on God, remembering how He loved
Jacob in Syria when he fed the flocks
Of Laban, and what miracles He did
For Abraham and for Isaac at their need.
Wait thou the end; and, till I come, keep thou
The sanctuaries."

And Ozias swore
By those weird fingers pointing in the air,
And by the soul of Abraham gone to rest,
To keep the sanctuaries, though she came
And found the bat sole tenant of the Tower,
And all the people bleaching on the walls,
And no voice left. Then Judith moved away,
Her head bowed on her bosom, like to one
That moulds some subtle purpose in a dream,
And in his passion rises up and walks
Through labyrinths of slumber to the dawn.

When she had gained her chamber, she threw off
The livery of sorrow for her lord,
The cruel sackcloth that begirt her limbs,
And from those ashen colors issuing forth,
Seemed like a golden butterfly new-slept
From its dull chrysalis. Then, after bath,
She braided in the darkness of her hair
A thread of opals: on her rounded breast
Spilt precious ointment: and put on the robes
Whose rustling made her pause, half-garmented,
To dream a moment of her bridal morn.
Of milk-white samite were the robes, and rich
With delicate branch-work, silver-frosted star,
And many a brodered lily-of-the-vale.
These things became her as the scent the rose,
For fairest things are beauty's natural dower.
The sun that through the jealous casement stole
Fawned on the Hebrew woman as she stood,
Took with the oval pendant at her ear,
And, like a lover, stealing to her lips
Taught them a deeper crimson; then slipt down
The tremulous lilies to the sandal straps
That bound her snowy ankles.

Forth she went,
A glittering wonder, through the crowded streets,
Her handmaid, like a shadow, following on.
And as in summer when the beaded wheat
Leans all one way, and with a longing look
Marks the quick convolutions of the wind:
So all eyes went with Judith as she moved,
All hearts leaned to her with a weight of love.
A starving woman lifted ghostly hands
And blest her for old charities; a child
Smiled on her through its tears, and one gaunt chief
Threw down his battle-ax and doffed his helm,
As if an angel stared him in the face.

So forth she fared, the only thing of light
In that dark city, thridding tortuous ways,
By gloomy arch and frowning barbacan,
Until she reached a gate of triple brass
That opened at her coming, and swung to
With horrid clangor and a ring of bolts.
And there, outside the city of her love,
The warm blood at her pulses, Judith paused
And drank the morning; then with silent prayers
Moved on through flakes of sunlight, through the wood
To Holofernes and his barbarous hordes.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PUDDINGS.

MUCH undeserved ridicule has been cast upon John Bull because of his fondness for pudding. The French have adopted his roast-beef, spoiling it, however, in their kitchens by overcooking, and insulting it in their bills-of-fare with the epithet "ros-bif"; but they still regard its complemental accompaniment with a feeling akin to contempt. The more fools they, for in all their long list of inflated and inflating *patisserie* there is not a kickshaw equal to it. If there is anything in which motherly Mrs. Bull excels, it is in concocting puddings. She makes them of so many sorts that "custom" cannot "stale their infinite variety." Fortunately for her well-fed lord, she is not too ethereal for kitchen purposes. She is not endowed with a soul above batter. Whatever her drawing-room accomplishments, she stoops to culinary cares, and thereby "stoops to conquer;" for, after all, one of the roads to man's heart is down his esophagus. It is horribly unscientific, and very disparaging to the creature "in apprehension how like a god," to say so; but when this being, "noble in reason," has wedded a highly educated woman from motives of the purest love, it adds to the fervor and depth of his affection to find that the same fair fingers that deftly sweep the harp and manipulate the piano can also blend harmoniously the ingredients of a pudding. If it had been the luck of Hamlet to espouse the beautiful Ophelia, he would not have considered her sweet songs the less

melodious had she been capable of beating up a *pudding*, which is, we believe, the Danish for the subject of our article.

Of this wholesome and excellent comestible there are, as everybody knows, innumerable sorts and sizes, and as "one star differeth from another star in glory" so do they. There are incon siderable dumplings which may be compared to the lesser lights of the Galaxy, and pancakes which may be likened to nebulae, seeing that they are "collections of matter" (or rather batter) "thinly diffused through large space," and spheres of sweet ness which may be described as orbs of the first magnitude. Greatest among the greatest is plum-pudding. Once when a rare specimen of that eminent luxury was before us, and the spirit of jingle upon us, we ventured to celebrate its praise in rhyme. The verses are not worthy of the subject-matter (more properly subject-batter), but here they are. It will be seen that we essayed to be Byronic—a common fault of commonplace bards:

TO A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Orb from a chaos of good things evolved,
Rounded, while plastic, in a tightened rag;
Globe whose creation's not in doubt involved,
Whose mould and matrix was a pudding-bag,
No sphere of which astronomy can brag
Compares with thine. Perchance the sun may be
A world half fire, half scoria and slag,
Or it may not: what is the sun to me
Since for my system's center I have thee?

I know thy "elements"—when mixed and how—
Work of a Culinary Providence.
Methinks I see the raw materials now,
Fluid and solid, to a batter dense
Turned by the cook's "supreme intelligence."
Such was thy origin. Upon my life
In thy concoction there was common-sense.
Toward thee I yearn, thou orb with richness rife,
"Planned, ordered, and perfected," by my wife.

Probers of earth, geologists, avaunt!
With all your strata—granite, flint, or slate;
Look at this "fissure," as with knife aslant
The "spotted globe" I glibly excavate.
What's your "formation of *metest date*"
Compared with this but now together thrown?
Behold the "specimen" upon my plate!
Is it not worth—the soft impeachment own—
Tons of your "hard-pan" and your "pudding-stone?"

Sir Isaac Newton was a wondrous man,
So was Galileo, ditto Tycho Brahe;
Fellows that knew of orbs the girth and span,
And how to cook the public up a star.
But could they make a good plum-pudding?—bah!
What was their spice of learning good for?—say.
What use to us are twinkling spheres afar?
From "Charles's Wain" our beesees derive no hay,
The "Dipper's" empty, dry the "Milky Way."

Send your philosophers with me to dine.
I'll teach them something that will do them good—
How to enjoy, in reason, wholesome wine,
And that a DINNER, rightly understood,
Is not (Heaven save us!) a mere mass of food,
But Taste's rich offering, worth its weight in gold.
Meanwhile my dinner waits—I must conclude.
Orb of my heart! no orb that monarchs hold
Are worth one segment from thy circle rolled!

Plum-pudding, like the planet to which it is an honor, was gradually perfected. It was at first mere spoon-meat, but finally acquired consistency, and became the solid luxury we see it now. Robert Argyllon, master-cook to William the Conqueror, having presented to that distinguished filibuster a dainty dish called *la groute*—otherwise, *plum-porridge*—on the day of his coronation, thereupon received as a reward for his palatable invention a fine estate (wrenched of course from some "Saxon churl") entitled the Manor of Addington. This is not a tradition, but an item of history recorded in Domesday Book, and to be seen there at the present day; and barring the fact that the property was stolen we are not prepared to say that it was unrighteously bestowed. From plum-porridge in the fullness of time—plum-pudding. The cognomen of the individual who put the porridge into a bag and compressed it into the smallest possible compass with a ligature, has not come down to us with the improved article. He may have been one of the Stewards, Butlers, or Cookes, whose names figure among the patronymics of the old English nobility, and were undoubtedly derived from the offices they filled. Whoever he was, he deserved well of his country and of mankind.

But this right royal dish, although for "all time," like Shakespeare, is not for every day. Simpler puddings suffice for ordinary occasions, and their name is legion. For example, Yorkshire pudding, browned under the roasting joint, and saturated with its savory juices; boiled batter pudding, the fair white brother of plum; ground-rice pudding, a delicious compound of rice meal, eggs, milk, and sugar, lightly baked; light dumplings, made of risen dough, which when duly boiled (say for twenty minutes) are capital with wine sauce; Indian pudding (see that the meal is well scalded), an indigenous luxury which every American lady ought to

know how to "fix;" apple fritters, the most piquant of all the sweetened products of the frying-pan; suet pudding, equally good baked and boiled; carrot pudding, sweet-potato pudding, and a host of others, with names familiar to us as household words, but which, simple as their composition is, very few of our cooks, native or imported, know how to prepare properly. Any one of them is more agreeable to a healthful palate than the American fruit pie (which is not a pie at all, but an exaggerated tart), with its sodden under-crust, and flavor of inferior butter. The demon of flatulence lies perdu in that abortion of the oven! Even hasty pudding, though it has been over-eulogized by Joel Barlow, is better than the premium offered for indigestion in the shape of a double-crusted pie.

Married ladies who love your lords, give them puddings. If you know not how to make them, take Miss Leslie to your hearts and learn. She is guilty of some errors, but practice will enable you to rectify them. Your husbands are driven to "bitters" by pastry; for some tonic solvent is absolutely necessary to enable their stomachs to assimilate the "leaf crust" and heavy understratum of what are called "homemade pies." The phrase, by the way, is often a misnomer, for not a few of them come from the nearest bakery, or, worse still, the corner-grocery.

Consider, O matronly beauty and fashion of America, that of outraged digestion come "peccant humors," and of these irritation and family jars. It concerns the health of your spouses and your own peace, that you cultivate the art of pudding-making, and indeed culinary art generally. Crocheting and Afghan-knitting are pretty amusements; it is pleasant, no doubt, to spend the forenoon among billowy silks and rippling ribbons at the dry-goods stores; and gossiping morning-calls are simply delightful; but, if it is not asking too much of beings only a little lower than the angels, won't you go occasionally into the kitchen—taking your daughters in your hands—and see to the boiling, the baking, and the roasting? It is a shame, we know, to burden you with such plebeian cares. What is man that you should be mindful of him—the selfish tyrant? But you wish him no harm, we are sure, or yourselves either; and yet, where there is no proper supervision in the kitchen department, who can say that there may not at any time be "death in the pot."

REVIEWS.

MR. BROWNING'S LAST VOLUME.*

MR. ROBERT BROWNING has as much genius as any writer of the time, but few writers have turned their genius to so small account as far as the great mass of readers is concerned. This is owing, it seems to us, to two causes: the natural bent of his genius in an unusual direction, and its determined and often disagreeable willfulness. There is a kind of average comprehension in the world—a limited range of sympathies, and a stereotyped intellectual capacity—which no writer who would reach the world can entirely disregard. The fame of all great writers, and the reputation of many small ones, is owing to their knowledge of this fact, and their willingness to conform to it. The willingness to do this in order to accomplish their end—whether the end be the amusement and instruction of their readers, or their own glory and profit—is a proof of wisdom, and, in a certain sense, of greatness. Men must be taken as they are, not as they might be, and perhaps should be, and so taken they can be moulded almost at will. Homer took the men of his time as he found them, and sang or wrote his epics in a way that they could comprehend, and became as famous then as he is immortal now. Shakespeare took the men of his time as he found them, and, as they demanded plays, wrote plays for them in a way that they could comprehend, winning their applause, and the admiration of the world since. He was as worldly wise, for a dramatist, as Mr. Browning is worldly foolish.

The defect of Mr. Browning's mind—or its peculiarity, if his admirers prefer to have the sentence turned that way—is its extreme singularity, its unlikeness to the mind of the time. He has, or appears to have, no sympathy with the poetic demands of the general reader, and no compassion for his limited capacities, but an indifference, not to say scorn, of both. He is the most willful, as he is frequently the most obscure of poets.

His genius is essentially dramatic. That is to say, its tendency is to speculate upon man in his relation to himself and others—to trace the workings of his heart and brain, the sweep of his passions, and the drift of his thoughts, under certain conditions and influences, favorable or otherwise, to the laws which govern his being. It is a difficult study to which his genius forces him, and one in which very few have succeeded; none, indeed, not even Shakespeare, in the course which Mr. Browning has marked out for himself, and which he persists in following, no matter whether it lead him. The fault is partly in himself, and partly in his method. He errs at the start in the selection of his themes, which are fre-

* *Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve and Easter Day.* By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

quently such as have no real dramatic interest, or, what is the same thing to us, seem to have none, owing to our ignorance of them—an ignorance which he takes no pains to enlighten, but the greatest pains to increase. His sympathy with his characters is in excess of his knowledge of them; they affect him for the time being too strongly, possessing him when he should possess them. He occasionally gives us wonderful glimpses of their individuality, but seldom or never presents them as a whole. A few dark hints are all that he vouchsafes to us. It is not so with Shakespeare, who, abounding as he does in similar hints, casts them aside in the prodigality of his nature as things of no moment, and goes on his way rejoicing; not lost like Mr. Browning in the dark abysses of the heart, the mazy windings of the brain, "thorough bush, thorough brier," but in the broad beaten highway of the world's actions and thoughts,

"As free and general as the casing air."

He selected themes which the meanest of his auditors could understand, mostly those with which they were already acquainted through the medium of old ballads—the chronicle-histories of the time, as Stowe and Hollinshead, and the romances of the Italian story-tellers, who were as familiar to them as the novelists of the day are to us; and he handled these themes intelligibly—so intelligibly, indeed, with such simple truth and naturalness, that it may be doubted whether even the wisest playgoers of the Globe guessed the greatness of the representation which was passing before their eyes. It was too much like nature to seem art; yet it was art, the most marvellous that the world has ever seen. Mr. Browning, however, is not satisfied with it, if we may judge of his opinion from his practice. At any rate the art at which he aims in his dramatic studies is the reverse of this—seeking the subtle instead of the obvious, dealing with processes instead of results, and presenting outlines, or rather silhouettes, instead of finished portraits. It is possible to achieve triumphs in this school of art, as Mr. Browning has shown, but the knowledge and enjoyment of these triumphs must always be confined to the few who sympathize with the unusual, the difficult, the unattainable. To the many they are

"A book shut up, a fountain sealed."

The art of Mr. Tennyson is as narrow, perhaps, as that of Mr. Browning, when compared with Shakespeare's, but it is of a higher order, it seems to us; at any rate, it is more enjoyable than his great contemporary's, in that it deals with the Beautiful instead of the Characteristic.

It is curious to trace the growth and changes of Mr. Browning's mind as exhibited in his different works. He began his poetical career with "Paracelsus," which was a wonderful work for a young man of twenty-four, and is interesting to us now as indicating the early bent of his genius. Its interest centers around its hero, Paracelsus, who bears about the same relation to his original, Bombast von Hohenheim—a singular compound of science and quackery, to whom we owe the introduction of laudanum into the pharmacopeia—that Shakespeare's "melancholy Dane" did to the real Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The Hamlet problem, indeed, seems to have been before the mind of the young poet when he sat down to write the soul-history of Paracelsus, and he wrought accordingly. The poem cannot be considered successful, though it contains some excellent dramatic touches, but it was worth writing, because it gave Mr. Browning the clue to his genius. His next work was the tragedy of "Strafford," which was more successful, containing, as it did, two or three subtle studies of character. It was not successful on the stage, however, as might have been foreseen, which probably led the young dramatist to think he had mistaken his vocation; at any rate, it changed the course of his mind for awhile, and occasioned the writing of "Sordello." We know little of "Sordello's" reception by the public (if Mr. Browning can be said to have had a public then), but it must have been very unfavorable. At all events, it was a lesson to Mr. Browning, who soon abandoned the field of narrative poetry, and returned to his proper walk of dramatic poetry. For the next six years he was the busiest writer in England, pouring forth in rapid succession a series of dramas which, with all their faults, are the most remarkable that have appeared since Shakespeare's. He began with "Pippa Passes," waking at once from his nightmare into the fullest, richest, most passionate life. "Pippa Passes" contains some of the most magnificent lines that poet ever wrote; and for the scene between Sebald and Ottima—it is beyond praise.

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

"King Victor and King Charles" has left no distinct impression upon our minds, albeit we have a sort of shadowy recollection that some of the characters are drawn with skill, though with too much subtlety. Better than this, however, better even than "Pippa Passes," as a whole, were the "Dramatic Lyrics" which he had written while engaged upon these plays, and which were published, one series at

least, in the same year as the last. He had finally found what he could do best—what he could do better than any living poet, and much better than any dead one had done. These "Lyrics" introduced a new element into English poetry, and whatever we may think of their method, which is frequently open to grave objections, they have enriched it permanently. What a range of subjects they handle, what diverse lands they traverse, and what a world of character and experience they hint at, beginning with "Kentish Sir Byng," a remnant probably of Mr. Browning's Strafford studies, and ending, for the time, with "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." For a study of Italian character, what can compare with "The Last Duchess," which, in addition to its rare excellence as a piece of representative painting, has the rarer excellence of showing the character of the speaker, the duke, to be the reverse of what his words would have us believe, betraying him in spite of himself. And "The Cloister"—can anything be more admirable as a picture of what monkery must have been to many of its victims, chained as they were for life to tedious old bores of the same religious order?

"If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!"

Solemn and stately is the old classic fragment "Artemis Prologizes," in which we think we can detect the influence of Walter Savage Landor, the greatest unrecognized author, poet, dramatist, dialogist of the present century. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is excellent for what it is—a child's story—and noticeable in an art-point of view as marking the appearance of a new spirit in Mr. Browning's poetry—the spirit of the grotesque and the humorous, clothed in the oddest and most whimsical of forms as regards measure and rhyme.

The dramatic lyrics were followed by three dramas, "The Return of the Druses," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and "Colombe's Birthday." Of the former, we retain no distinct remembrance. "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" is one of the most touching tragedies ever written—the tragedy of youth and love and sin, of sorrow and shame and death. It is the most human of all Mr. Browning's works. "Colombe's Birthday," though somewhat obscurely handled, is a beautiful picture of the unshaken truth and constancy of woman, the heroine, Colombe of Ravenstein, Duchess of Juliers and Cleves, belonging to the divine sisterhood of Shakespeare's women.

After these plays came a second series of lyrics and romances, which showed a wider range of study and experience, and an increase of power as well as of clearness of expression. How distinct and sharp everything comes out in the famous ride from Ghent to Aix; how picturesque the two Italian pieces, "Italy in England" and "England in Italy," the last the most perfect picture of an Italian landscape ever painted; how fresh and hearty and *naïve* "The Flower Fancies;" and how strangely true to the place and time (*Rome, 15*) "The Tomb at St. Praxed's." "The Flight of the Duchess," while the story is unique, pushes to the extreme the principles of versification commenced in "The Pied Piper."

"Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "Men and Women," complete the bibliography of Mr. Browning's works to the present time. The first two show a decrease of the dramatic faculty, or rather a decrease of power to use it intelligibly, a fact of which Mr. Browning was probably aware, and which was the cause of his venturing into new walk—that of the poem proper. His poem not being successful, he returned to the dramatic field, and, wiser than when he left it, confined himself to a third series of romances and lyrics—for such, to all intents and purposes, is his "Men and Women." It is his best work. Nothing that he had written before compared with "Evelyn Hope," "Up at a Villa," and "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." And for dramatic monologues, where shall we find the equals of "Fra Lippo Lippi," "An Epistle Concerning the Strange Medical Experiences of Karshish, the Arab Physician," "How it Strikes a Contemporary," "Bishop Bloughram's Apology," "Andrea del Sarto," "In a Balcony," "Protus," and "Cleon?" "Andrea del Sarto" we take to be the most perfect of all of Mr. Browning's short dramatic poems—the one which best indicates the character of the speaker, and which gives us the clearest knowledge of his story; the simple-hearted painter does not suspect his light wife and her handsome cousin, but we, the spectators of the scene, do. His belief in their innocence is our certainty of their guilt.

The impression which this chronological glance at Mr. Browning's poetry leaves upon our minds is that there have been two or three periods in his career marked by uncertainty and failure; periods of dissatisfaction with some previous work of his, or the reception it met with from the public, which led him to doubt whether he was in the right track, and to attempt a different style of composition. This we conceive to be the reason of his writing "Sordello," though it is possible it was the result of willfulness—a determination to insult a public that would not admire him. Twenty-four years have passed since "Sordello" first saw the light, and we question whether it has had a solitary reader in all that time. How it was received at its publication we know not, but probably with that contemptuous

silence which is harder for a poet to bear than shouts of derisive laughter. One thing is certain, however, it was forgiven, if not forgotten, for the sake of the noble dramas and dramatic lyrics which succeeded it. Mr. Browning's readers were generous to him. He does not appear, though, to have appreciated this virtue on their part, for here he comes again with his incomprehensible nonsense, bullying us at the threshold of his book with his arrogant dedication:

"TO J. MILSAND, OF DIJON.

"DEAR FRIEND: Let this poem be introduced by your name, and so repay all the trouble it ever cost me. I wrote it twenty-five years ago for only a few, counting even in these on somewhat more care about its subject than they really had. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either? I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might, instead of what the few must, like; but, after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave it as I find it. The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires, and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so; you, with many known and unknown to me, think so; others may one day think so; and whether my attempt remain for them or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours,

R. B.

"London, June 9, 1863."

As a specimen of mingled flattery and insolence, this dedication is without a parallel in English literature. We leave the reader to digest it at his leisure, and pass on to "Sordello," which we have read and which we do not like. We are aware where this confession places us, by the Browning standard of intellectual capacity, but we cannot help it. We do not like "Sordello," nor do we believe that any one else does. We do not understand "Sordello," nor do we believe that any one else does. There is nothing in it to like, nothing in it to understand. It is a stupendous literary imposture, a wanton insult to the public. What else can a poem be, not one page of which is written in intelligible English, not one sentence of which contains a clear thought, reflection, sentiment, or what not?—a story in which nothing is told that mortal can comprehend, either concerning its hero, Sordello (if he be the hero), who he was, what he did, and so forth, or of the times in which he lived, the stormy period of the Guelfs and Ghibbelines? We defy Mr. Browning's admirers to unravel the mystery of Sordello's life, even to tell who he was from the poem alone. Failing to obtain the least information in that quarter, and feeling a little curiosity in the matter, we hunted him up in the French biographical dictionaries and found that he was a troubadour before the days of Dante, who put him into the *Divina Commedia* (in the sixth book, we think, of the *Purgatory*); that he wrote a number of works, whose name and scope we are uncertain of, though one, we believe, was a treatise on language, or philology, or something of the sort; and finally that he ran away with somebody's wife—a count's, or probably a king's. Such is the extent of our information concerning the historic Sordello, and, small as it is, we do not care to add to it; for, as the French say, the game is not worth the candle. We never intend to open the poem "Sordello" again, for why should we bewilder ourselves in its jagged, spasmodic lines, which foam and rave and fret like the waves of a chopping sea, blown hither and thither by the ever-changing wind; in its mysterious allusions, beside which the darkest of Milton's—say that of "the great vision of the Guarded Mount"—are daylight itself; in its always-beginning, never-ending labyrinths—of mental experience, it is intended to be, we suppose, the intellectual change and growth, the spiritual doubt and unrest, of Sordello, who out-Hamlets Hamlet, even when the latter is as mad as a March hare? We shall not attempt it again, and we would advise the reader not to attempt it at all. The only point in which "Sordello" is not utterly bad—except, of course, its language, which, generally energetic, like all that Mr. Browning writes, is frequently startling from its boldness—the only redeeming things in it are the gleams which it occasionally gives of Italian landscape, fragments of emblazoned pages torn out of the *Book of Nature*. Here is one:

"That autumn eve was stilled:
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forest, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand
The woods lay black beneath."

And here another:

"He spied
Mighty descents of forest; multiplied
Tuit on tuft, here, the frolic myrtle-trees,
There gendered the grave maple-stocks at ease.
And, proud of its observer, straight the wood
Tried old surprises on him; black it stood
A sudden barrier ('twas a cloud passed o'er)
So dead and dense, the tiniest brute no more
Must pass; yet presently (the cloud dispatched)
Each clump, behold, was glistening detached
A shrub, oak-boles shrunk into ilex-stems."

Here, too, is one of the most unique pictures ever painted, though we have no conception of how it came to be in the poem. It matters not, however, for, luckily, it is "its own excuse for being."

"As, shall I say, some Ethiop, past pursuit
Of all enslavers, dips a shackled foot,
Burnt to the blood, into the drowsy black
Enormous watercourses which guides him back
To his own tribe again where he is king;
And laughs because he guesses, numbering
The yellower poison-wattles on the pouch

Of the first lizard wrested from its couch
Under the slime (whose skin, the while, he strips
To cure his nostril with, and festered lips,
And eyeballs bloodshot through the desert blast)
That he has reached its boundary, at last
May breathe; thinks o'er enchantments of the South
Sovereign to plague his enemies, their mouth,
Eyes, nails, and hair; but, these enchantments tried
In fancy, puts them soberly aside
For truth, projects a cool return with friends,
The likelihood of winning mere amends
Ere long; thinks that, takes comfort silently,
Then, from the river's brink, his wrongs and he,
Hugging revenge close to their hearts, are soon
Off-striding for the Mountains of the Moon."

Of "Strafford," at which, rather than at "Sordello" ("Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!"), we advise Mr. Browning's readers to open the volume, we have only left ourselves room to say that it contains two characters which are very skillfully drawn—that of Strafford himself, and his "friend turned Joe," John Pym. As portraits they are neither very obvious nor very striking (Mr. Browning's dramatic method does not produce such results), but they are profoundly true, we are inclined to think, to the souls of these two men whom the wild whirl of their time arrayed against each other. The interview between them, with which the tragedy ends, is as noble as it is touching. We thank Mr. Browning for including "Strafford" in his collected works; nor, remembering "Sordello," do we object to "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," though it has failed, we confess, to interest us.

SPANISH MADE EASY.*

MR. J. LEANDER STARR professes to be an accomplished linguist. In that capacity he conducts, or did conduct, a species of polyglot magazine, devoted to the diffusion of tongues. It is supposed that he is familiar with the French, the German, the Italian, the Spanish, the Turkish, the Armenian, the Egyptian, the African, the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Japanese, the Hawaii, the Kamschatkan, the original Aboriginal, the Schleswig-Holstein, and other dialects, including, perhaps, that spoken in the Confederate States of America. Of course, with such a repertoire, he can hardly be ignorant of the dead—and dying—languages likewise. The only speech, in fact, with which Mr. Starr seems to be unfamiliar, is the English; unless, indeed, his familiarity has bred the proverbial contempt.

These brief remarks are suggested to us by a neat volume lately published by John Bradburn, and entitled "La Gaviota." The title-page unblushingly declares that the work is a translation from the Spanish, by the gentleman to whom, as a linguist, we have already paid our attentions. The contents of the book give its title-page the lie direct, in the most heartless and uncourteous manner. It is not a translation. In the first place, the story itself, if it may be called a story, is totally unworthy of translation. Like all other Spanish works of light literature, it is diffuse, verbose, digressive, and generally uninteresting. Spanish serenades are not infrequently sweet and passionate, but Spanish novels are unmitigated bores. An extended analysis of the plot of "La Gaviota" would be simply a tax upon the patience of the reader, more difficult to endure than the present taxation imposed by our Governmental friends. There are, however, one or two cleverly-drawn characters, and many curiously characteristic anecdotes and proverbs from Old Spain. The authoress—whose *nom-de-plume* is Fernan Caballero—is, we are informed in Mr. Starr's preface, the widow of two husbands, and her maiden name was Cecilia de Faber—a cognomen almost as polyglot as her translator's magazine.

"We have it on the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*," says the preface, "that the novels of this gifted authoress were published at the expense of the Queen." . . . "La Gaviota" is perhaps the finest story in the volumes." A little farther on, he confesses that it is somewhat prolix. The reader will not deny it, though Mr. Starr flatters himself that "In translating, it is easy to avoid this prolixity," and adds, "This has been attended to in the present translation." We beg leave to differ. Whole pages are filled with the most unimportant and trifling details, as if one should say of his hero, "He then sat down on a chair, drawn up to a table, to eat with a fork, carried by his hand from a plate of food to his mouth, in order to satisfy the hunger that he felt in his stomach." This is quite in the style of Mr. Starr's translation, except that it is a little purer English.

To show that the above criticism is not hypercritical, we submit the following brief excerpt: "They made up for him a bed with fresh straw, and a good large mattress filled with wool. Grandma Maria took out of a large chest a pair of sheets, if not very fine, at least very white. She then added a warm woolen counterpane." In a wedding-scene, when the hero—a German adventurer—is married, all the stanzas sung by the company are given. Let these serve as specimens either of Spanish improvisation or of Mr. J. Leander Starr's talent for the translation of rhyme:

"She to the church, and sacrifices bold
Herself surrenders, and I am consoled;
My lips with kisses delicately hushed.
Press the green grass which her small feet have pressed."

And another:

"Thou the calabash hast given me;
Or rather, I my congé see;
Great good this congé does meeting,
The tomatoes I have eaten!
In thy family, at which I dine,
Admitted once, revenged I am!"

Is it the Spaniards who are afflicted with idiocy, or is it Mr. J. Leander Starr?

And not alone is the supposed poetry of the work incomprehensible. What shall we make of this?

"He would much more agreeably consort with those who seek the good, with the same satisfaction and purity that the artless young damsels feels in gathering violets. His physiognomy, his grace, the freedom with which he muffed himself in his Spanish cloak, his insensibility to cold and to the general disquietude around him, established decidedly that he was Spanish."

The "general disquietude" refers to sea-sickness, whence we infer that the natives of sunny Spain are born with sea-legs. The name of the gentleman is catalogued as "Don Carlos, Duke of Almansa (or Almanza), Marquis de Guadalupe, de Val-de-Flores, and de Loca Fiel; Comte de Santa-Clara, de Encinasala, et de Laza; Chevalier of the Golden Fleece, and Grand Cross of Charles III.; Gentleman of the Chamber of his Majesty; Grandee of Spain, of First Class, etc., etc., etc." It would surely require much erudition on the part of Don Carlos to enable him to "read his title clear," and, if he carried all these multitudinous appellations in his memory, it is not strange that he had no time for the sea-sickness which disturbed his common fellow-travelers. Let us give the authoress credit for one observation, which, though sweeping, is not without a certain foundation of veracity. It is on page 191, and reads: "Every Spanish book bears the seal of a coarse stupidity."

"La Gaviota" is a nickname bestowed upon the heroine by a mischievous boy. It signifies, in English, a sea-gull. This heroine is a sort of Becky Sharp, who marries a German doctor, goes upon the stage at the instigation of the titled gentleman beforementioned, and becomes unfaithful to her husband through the blandishments of a young person connected with the bull-fighting interest. This person, notwithstanding his magnificent appearance and ability to quote Latin, is not refined, and naturally bullies "La Gaviota." The German doctor goes to America and dies. The bull-fighter is killed in the arena; and as for the heroine, "she very imprudently marries a barber" who paid court to her in the beginning of the book.

It is not impossible that this novel, if it had been decently rendered into our language, might have attained some notoriety among the lovers of high-seasoned literature of the sensation school; but as it is, we predict for it the obscurity it deserves. Among other fantastic tricks which Mr. Starr has seen fit to play with the unhappy translation, is the insertion of a dedication "to the Hon. George Opdyke, ex-Mayor of the city of New York." The reasons set forth for inscribing that highly respectable name to "this translation of the best novel in the Spanish language" are somewhat obscure. It is not that Mr. Opdyke has ever visited Spain; it is not that he is acquainted with the sweet dialect of Old Castile; it is not that he is in any way connected with literature, native or foreign; but because of his "urbanity of character," and his "firm integrity as a gentleman, a merchant;" because his "career has been marked by the most devoted patriotism;" and because Mr. J. Leander Starr hopes that at some far distant day Mr. Opdyke may receive that tribute "which honored the memory of the immortal Pitt,

"Non sibi, sed pro patria vixit."

For these reasons is the ex-major chosen by this Leander for his hero. He should only have added that the offering was appropriate, inasmuch as Mr. Opdyke had undoubtedly washed his hands with Castile soap, and if ill with an acute disease might probably apply a blister-plaster of Spanish flies, or cool his thirst with the juice of a Seville orange; these would assuredly be equally cogent reasons why Mr. Starr should dedicate to him the worst translation in the English language.

CAXTONIANA.*

MOST volumes of essays written by men who have found their specialties in other departments of literature, are chiefly interesting as showing what manner of men they are who write them. Whatever the fame of its author, we take up such a volume without any sanguine expectation of finding in it any newer or profounder matter than he has heretofore broached. If we can pass a few pleasant hours in discussing with him the various topics which he chooses, and by their aid modify or confirm our previous impressions of himself, his book has probably done for us all that it is capable of doing. It may be possible (the Country Parson declares it to be the fact with regard to himself) that a man at liberty to select his own themes for thought and discussion shall deliberately put aside his best thought to substitute that which, for some inscrutable reason, he deems more entertaining or more instructive to the general reader, but it is highly improbable. No man

lies under a necessity to instruct or to entertain his fellows. We ask no alms of him who professes to do this while claiming to hold in reserve the higher thoughts of which alone the world stands in need. But if such instances are indeed to be found, they are so rare as to be anomalies. It is fair to conclude that, in a book of essays which does not professedly serve a definite scientific or philosophical end, a man gives us, to the best of his ability, the results of the experiences which have moulded him. To read the volume before us is to enter into conversation with a brilliant and intellectual man, of whom, on leaving, every one must, consciously or unconsciously, form an estimate. Our own we shall here attempt to state.

No writer of fiction is more widely known than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Entering the literary profession early, he has pursued it from youth to age with the greatest zeal and industry. It is his theory that versatility is a quality not properly attributable to genius merely because it commands a wide range of topics; that a man is not necessarily many-sided because he can turn his eyes in all directions; and his theory finds ample confirmation in his own instance. In the heat of youth, if that be an expression justly applicable to his adolescence, he wrote novels of intrigue, passion, and crime. Later he became enamored of the wonders of magic and necromancy, a love which abided with him, and took shape at different periods in such extravaganzas as "Zanoni" and the "Strange Story." In soberer moods he gave us the Caxton series, embodying more practical and contemplative views of life than he has elsewhere taken, and comprising by far the best of his writings. The title given to this collection of essays seems to intimate that he thus considers them. Works as diverse as these in subject and style of treatment, imply great powers of observation and delineation in their author, but do not of necessity indicate any higher power. Wide as is their variety, the impression gained from them is unique, and derives its unity from the ineffaceable and peculiar stamp of their author upon each. The same thing is true of great works in every department of art. Shakespeare is always Shakespeare, and Dickens never omits his personality from a line. But in these instances it is the omnipresence of genius which affects us; in that of Bulwer Lytton it is rather the individuality of a man possessed of great talents, cultivated to their utmost, but wanting that intangibility called genius, as hard to define as it is easy to recognize. The key-note to his career as an author is to be found in such essays as "Motive Power" and "Self Control" in the present volume. Doubtless his natural tastes inclined him to literary pursuits; but his love of letters was subordinate to his desire of distinguishing himself. He was ambitious, not for the sake of the work to be done, but for the worker. For such an object his capital was abundant. He had imagination, learning, industry, sentiment enough to light his work, if not heart sufficient to set it aglow, and, moreover, a definite end in view. It is impossible to believe that such books as "Paul Clifford," "Alice," and "Devereux," were genuine products of the teeming brain and hot heart of youth. The feeling is unreal, the passion factitious; and had the psychological and humanitarian novels of our day been their precursors instead of Byron's poems, they might never have been written. He steered into the popular current, not because his mind ran naturally in its direction, but because its popularity seemed to assure the success he coveted. Probably his mind, at once timid and bold, fond of doubtful speculations, yet afraid of results opposed to theories commonly received, found its most congenial occupation in that border land of necromancy and demonology to which he returned so recently, and where the very nature of his work, while it permitted him to dream, yet saved him from the suspicion of absurdity on one side, and the necessity of compromising himself by theories on the other. His essays, like the Caxton series, abound in practical wisdom concerning topics at least one remove from the highest; but his wisdom is that of experience, not that of poetic or philosophic prevision. The different way in which a man of genius and a man of talent handle kindred themes cannot be better illustrated than by a comparison between Bulwer Lytton's essay on "Money" and Emerson's on "Wealth." Yet the one is not less practical than the other.

If the theory be true that no man who takes a profound and absorbing interest in any subject is qualified to discuss it candidly, we should expect from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton the most just and truthful account of all that he has undertaken to delineate. One might almost call him an amateur in the art of living, and say he pursued it from purely esthetic motives. Yet his is not the gracious calm of the man who, living amid noble abstractions, finds the restless life beneath him too evanescent and shifting to move him to profound emotion—not the contemplative catholicity of Goethe—not the serenity of Emerson. The fine taste of a cultivated gentleman will account for the tone of most of his works; the natural results of experience on a nature neither stolid nor forgetful, for their wisdom; and his ambition and industry, for their production. They have been a source of interest and amusement to many classes of readers, and will probably long continue such, but must always fail to secure their author the highest distinction, either as poet, novelist, or thinker.

* La Gaviota: a Spanish Novel. By Fernan Caballero. Translated by J. Leander Starr. New York: Published by John Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady, 49 Walker street. 1864.

* Caxtoniana: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Harper Brothers, publishers.

A R T.

ARTISTS' RECEPTION.

The last artists' reception of the Dodworth's Studio Building Association was given on Thursday evening of last week. Superb and lovely women, music as irresistible as tired lids on tired eyes, and pictures of various degrees of excellence, were the dominant and most pleasing influences of the evening. There were painted children, and cherries, and men, and girls, and skies, and dogs, and horses, and rocks. Some thought the cherries "nice," and the children "sweet," and the landscapes "pretty." Our artists at least offered sufficient to meet the most diverse and common tastes. In one frame was Luther, pious and sturdy; in another the rock-bound coast of Maine brilliantly lighted by an afternoon sun; and in another a delicate expression of spiritual life. It would be interesting to determine the relative newness and distinction of the various art-efforts which the reception called out, but it would also prove obnoxious to men of most sensitive organization, and jealous of whatever blows between them and their popularity. It is at once invidious to praise and offensive to condemn. Pictures at receptions are there to give pleasure, and solicit compliments. Amiable people for the moment meet together and look at the artist's work, and admire or think that pictures are queer or funny or absurd. It is curious to observe the influence of pictures on a company. The most commonplace work, the most glaring color, and the shallowest thought seem to give most satisfaction. We suppose this must be attributed to the fact that we like that best which is most in harmony with ourselves. It is a very old story, and a very wearisome fact, that Tupper and "The Country Parson" number their readers by the thousands, while Browning and Thoreau are limited to hundreds. We think of Wallis and Frith in England. The papers write about Frith, and the publishers engrave his works, but Wallis, a man of intense and pathetic genius, scarcely known, owes the sale of his most remarkable picture to the liberality and appreciation of a brother artist.

Artists' receptions, of great service in exciting an interest in art and popularizing the names and works of our painters, have their disadvantages, and are destined to be slighted by all serious lovers of the dignity and advancement of art in this country. This because the tendency of receptions is to subordinate the pictures to fashion, and make the company and compliments take precedence of the painter's work. Art, unless serious and manly, is emasculating to a people, and needs all the harsh things which Puritan divines and moralists have written against it. But if it is serious and manly, if it is cultivated because of the beauty it can celebrate and the truth it can embody, in all earnestness of soul, then it is the last result of a high culture, and the perfect flower of a complete civilization. If not, it is but the over-ripe fruit of a season that has lost its vigor and is passing away.

We have written the foregoing to give a movement to the thought of our art-worshippers. It is of far more consequence that our relation to art be healthful than that the merits of a few pictures be set forth. Most of the paintings exhibited at Dodworth's will be at our annual Academy Exhibition next month, which occasion will be most fitting to make an impartial statement of what we understand as their merits and faults. Until then we defer expressing our appreciation of certain pictures exhibited at the last reception of the Dodworth's Studio Building Association.

EXHIBITION AT THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

THE collection of pictures to which we referred last week, containing works by many of the best known masters of modern French art, is now exposed at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, preparatory to the sale of the same on the evening of April 9. There are two good examples of Frere's genius. One of them is very harmonious in color and freely painted; it represents a little boy about pulling on his sock. Among the attractions is a very laughable character picture by Knaus. The subject is an old German woman driving her grandson home. It seems that he has been "in swimming"—that cheap and often-forbidden luxury of boyhood. The old woman is represented as shaking her fist at the boy as he runs, half naked, with his clothes on his arm. In the background other boys are seen bathing, and one, more bold than his companions, capers on the sward like a wild islander, and jeers at the enraged old lady. There are also two pictures by Merle; one representing a daughter of Italy, sad, dark, indolent; the other, a sweet girl in the woods, with her lap full of violets. Among the landscapes is a picture of the woods in late November, most feelingly and vigorously painted. An old woman is seen gathering fagots. Though there is no delicate or subtle execution in this work, it is yet most remarkable—seems most poetic. It is somber gray and dull russet in color. The chilliness and dampness of the day is well rendered. The artist's name is Chaigneau. More anon.

MICHELET ON GERICAULT.

(Translated for the ROUND TABLE.)

A sad dialogue took place in 1823 at the door of the Ball of the Opera, between a friend of mine, a man of the world, an artist infinitely spiritual, and a young man, a great man, struck to the heart, and who seemed to seek in pleasure the acceleration of death. I mean the first painter of this century, the unfortunate Gericault.

My friend found him profoundly sad in the midst of that joyous crowd of beautiful women, of equipages, of lights. He was in full dress, but already how much altered! The tender sweetness of his powerful gaze had given place to the harsh expression of the terrible mask which all of you have admired. It was still genius, but no more the expression of strength, rather that of a mortal ardor seeking to grasp a fugitive world, and in a profoundly deep orbit the wild eye of a falcon.

My friend, who loved him, who in him saw France and art in their highest expression, endeavored to stop him there—begged and implored. . . . But in vain; sad and somber, Gericault disappeared in the brilliant whirl. He died, you know, the same year as Byron. They are the two great poets of death. Byron sang that of England who believed itself victorious; Gericault painted the wreck of France, that hopeless raft upon which her people floated, making signs to the waves, to emptiness, perceiving no aid . . . and Gericault also, seeing nothing to hope for,

let himself slide off. This genius, extraordinarily firm and severe, painted the empire and judged it at a glance. *War*, and no idea. . . . One knows the strong reaction of 1816, and how France seemed to disown herself. Well, Gericault adopted it more and more. He protested for her by the all-French originality of his genius, and by his exclusive choice of national types. Poussin painted Italians; David painted Romans and Greeks; Gericault, in the very midst of the bastard mixtures of the Restoration, kept firm and pure the national type and the nation's thought. He did not submit to the invasion, nor did he yield to reaction. . . . In 1822, Gericault paints his Raft and the Wreck of France. He is alone; alone he navigates, pushes toward the future. . . . This is heroic.

It was France itself, it was our whole society, which Gericault embarked upon that raft of the Medusa. Image so cruelly true that the original refused to recognize itself. People shrank from this terrible picture, passed it rapidly. They tried not to see and understand: "This picture is too sad; there are too many deaths; could he not have painted a gayer wreck?"

The picture returned from the Louvre to the painter's studio amidst the derisions of critics. As a punishment for having felt for France, Gericault remained alone before this portrait of despair. He tried to escape its fascination; he visited Italy, and England, but his heart was too deeply rooted at home. He came back and found the universal triumph of the artificial. In painting, the rage of fanciful improvisators and vapid vulgarity. Encircled, oppressed by amiable people, sick of the false smile of the Restoration, alone, dejected, sad, he tried to forget. He sought violent sensations, the only perils one can risk in full peace. He rode wild horses, went to all the balls, threw himself into the intoxication of nameless pleasures, and was sadder than ever. And yet he well knew that the great creators, the Titians, Angelos, and Rembrandts, wisely used life, economized time and strength—that they were great masters in the art of living. . . . Paul Gericault wanted to die. He had no faith in the eternity of his country.

How is it that he did not believe in it? He had but created its powerful and immortal symbols, its first popular painting. France lived in him. He ignored it and cared not to live. . . . A great destiny gave him time to taste the full bitterness of a great destiny unachieved. It is in the impotence of the sick man, when he no more painted, that he felt the immensity of what he would have done, what he could do no more. The profound bitterness born of this consciousness appears in a letter of his: "I do so envy you the faculty of work, of painting, that I may implore you not to lose one moment which you can give to it. Your youth also will fly away, my dear young friend."

He was dying, and he felt that he had reached but his first period, and was still in his age of heroism, of will and effort. Grace was still inaccessible to him. Womanly grace, the movement and smile of childhood and of woman, all these escaped him. He sought them in vain—"I begin a woman, it ends in a lion."

Gericault died too young, and was but a hero in art; he never attained grace, the all-blissful epoch in which the masters repose themselves. And yet the same grace that beamed in all his person, in his large oriental eyes, was in his heart. As an artist, he would have attained it. He should have persisted in living, believing, hoping, loving.

France was not in a few worldly friends, or in envious painters. Such a man needed other things than such friendships or such evanescent loves. He needed a great love, a love in which he could have advanced evermore, loving evermore. He needed to advance higher, lower, farther. Then he would have grasped those fleeting things which are most unattainable in art—woman, the crowd, and light.

A great career awaited Gericault. He had a pathetic genius. The first sketches of the "Wreck," much more touching than the "Raft," reveal the strength of heart that was in him. He was full of tenderness; he loved all young artists; hated no one, not even his detractors. There was about him a thing rare and singular which made his friends smile. In those vulgar and disreputable relations where his isolated life threw him, he would retain the most tender and respectful attentions, whether through a national delicacy, or perhaps through the memory of his beloved mother whom he had lost. Gericault was born to be the interpreter and the organ of free society, the majestic painter whose every work would have taught a heroic lesson.

PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1864.

THE Academy Exhibition is usually the absorbing thought of our artists each year as the spring comes round, and when the pictures are hung, and varnishing day past, there is a feeling of relief of work accomplished, and the brushes which have been so busy are for awhile more leisurely used; for this is the completion of the winter's work, and new thoughts, new pictures, begin with the new season. But this year it is not the Academy Exhibition that absorbs the thoughts of the art-world, but the Sanitary Fair, in preparation for which we have plunged so deeply. Never, I think, have the hearts of the people been so universally stirred up, never so unanimous a devotion to one cause, and, I may add, never a cause so deserving that devotion. One cannot, if he would, dismiss the subject from his mind, for innumerable committees patrol the city; and here begin the troubles of the artist. The circular of the committee of fine arts was well enough; every one is willing to give his picture or drawing, and send his works to the exhibition; but this is not the extent. Self-constituted committees begin to call; first a lady who is getting up an album for a special object and begs one sketch, just one, which of course the artist cannot refuse, and she goes on her way rejoicing, to be followed by number two, who has a little volume which is to be published for the Sanitary Fund, and wishes a few illustrations, and so forth, as I doubt not the artists of New York have already experienced; if our painters were so many Briareuses, they could hardly complete all the work sought of them. But the unkindest cut of all was a request made of a well-known landscape painter the other day, to paint a number of pictures for the interior of a doll's house! This was the last straw that broke the camel's back; the distinguished gentleman rushed frantic from his studio, and has since shunned the haunts of committees.

The preparations for the fair are on a grand scale; it is proposed, I understand, to erect a temporary building on Logan Square, at Eighteenth and Vine streets, the north side of which will be given up to works of art, making a picture gallery six hundred feet in length, in which I trust will be displayed the gems of our collections, public and private. The fine arts committee is hard at work under the

chairmanship of Mr. Jos. Harrison, whose well-known energy and liberality render him eminently fitted for the position; but it is to be regretted, I think, that the artists themselves are not more largely represented in the committee, in whose entire number, some twenty-four, appear the names of but four artists.

I paid a visit a few days since to the studio of Mr. H. C. Bispham, who has upon his easel a picture which will attract much attention in the next exhibition. The subject is the return of a foraging party, a number of cavalrymen driving in a flock of sheep and cattle. The picture is well composed and drawn, but was not, when I saw it, sufficiently advanced for me to speak of the general execution. Mr. Bispham is one of our most successful painters of the brute creation, and his animals are always full of life and vigor; but let him beware of the tendency among our animal painters to take too much from the drawings of Cooper and Rosa Bonheur and others, and too little from the great sketch-book of nature. The habits of a dog, a horse, or a sheep can be learned only by the attentive study of the animal itself, not at second-hand through the works of those who may perhaps have studied it under entirely different circumstances from those in which we may be called upon to represent it. I do not mean to accuse our artists of plagiarism or of intentional neglect of nature; but, through the constant reproduction of the works of painters like those I have mentioned, there come to be certain conventional forms and positions in which each animal is always represented, to the utter subversion of that spirit of truth which alone can interest us in pictures of this class.

I do not apply these remarks to any individual artist, nor alone to animal painters, for the same tendency to conventionalism manifests itself in works of every class, even to greater extent, perhaps, in those of our landscapists, and has done more, perhaps, than any other cause, to retard the advancement of perfect art from the time of Raphael down.

And now I wish to speak upon another subject, and to protest, in the name of all that is pure and true in art and good breeding, against the abominable caricatures which some of your New York publishers are sending us to disgrace our shop-windows, and which, they inform us, are intended to ornament a lady's album! So utterly without wit, and even disgusting low, as most of these "album drolleries" are, they would be altogether beneath notice did they not so flood the market and set up to be pictures of the times. Pictures, forsooth! We boast of the advance of art-culture among us, yet permit the windows of respectable stores to be disgraced by woodcuts and lithographs which should not be tolerated in a penny newspaper.

L.

CHICAGO ART NOTES.

CHICAGO, March, 1864.

A REMARKABLE impetus has been afforded to art-progress in this city during the past half year, and it is my privilege to chronicle an existing interest of a gratifying character. Nearly all the artists have, during the winter, produced works denoting the beneficial influence of popular encouragement and appreciation.

Mr. G. P. A. Healy, our oldest artist, has fixed his abiding place permanently here, and expresses his intention never to leave the West again. He is kept unceasingly busy upon portraits, mostly of citizens. There are several other portrait painters, but none, with the exception of Mr. C. Highwood, who give much promise at present. Mrs. St. John, an artist of high merit as a painter of domestic scenes, is also engaged upon portraits at present. Highwood has recently painted a fine portrait of Henry Clay from studies made some years since.

Mr. J. H. Drury has added to the art-treasures of this city two beautiful "views," one of Jerusalem, and one of Rome from the Borghese Park. They were painted for and are now in the possession of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, a Catholic institution in this city. Messrs. Reed and Ford have executed landscapes of much merit. The last-named artist, who for some time painted indifferent pictures of foreign subjects, has latterly turned his attention to landscapes of a purely Western character, with pleasing results. It would seem to be an eminently worthy ambition in Western artists to seek for the beautiful and the picturesque at home. To the genuine lover of nature there is no part of our world that has not its own esthetic wealth.

Mr. Leo. W. Volk, sculptor, has been engaged for many months upon a statue of Minnehaha, an Indian girl—also a Western subject. He has now got it into plaster, and is undecided whether to execute it in marble here or to take it to Italy for that purpose. As it is a work of very remarkable merit, it is to be hoped the latter conclusion will prevail.

A permanent art-gallery is being constructed in connection with the place of business of Messrs. Jevne & Almini, fresco-painters, which is to be devoted exclusively to the exhibition of the works of Chicago artists. The studios of our artists have hitherto been the only places of exhibition they have had, and, with the exception of Mr. Healy's, have afforded a very unsatisfactory medium.

S.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

MR. FRANK MOORE will shortly publish the second series of his collection of war-lyrics, "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies." It matches the "Loyal Lyrics" in size and binding, and contains about the same number of pages. The spirit of the volume is, of course, disloyal—violently so in most instances. All the Southern poets are represented in it, and scores of lesser versifiers whose names would not otherwise have come to the knowledge of the vandals North. Mr. John R. Thompson, the former editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, opens the collection with a rather spirited lyric, in Mooreish measure, the burden of which is "Coercion." Mr. William Gilmore Simms, the novelist, dramatist, and what not, sings the praises of "the sunny, sunny South." Mr. Albert Pike, whose name is not unknown in connection with certain Indian atrocities in the West, defies the North to the tune of "Dixie." Mr. Paul Hayne exults over Lee's crossing the Potomac before the battle of Gettysburg, while Mr. A. B. Meek, Mr. A. J. Requier, Mr. Harry Flash, and Mr. James Barron Hop do the best they can with minor and more abstract themes. Two or three Southern poetesses also figure in the collection, as Mrs. L. Virginia French, Miss Annie Chambers Ketcham, and Millie Mayfield—the latter a *nom de plume*, we suppose. As a whole, it will not bear comparison with the "Loyal Lyrics," poor as is the larger portion of that volume. The nearest approach to a poem in it is a spirited lyric on Stonewall Jackson—"Stonewall Jackson's Way." Mr. Thompson's effusion is poetical, as much so as anything we ever saw from his pen. Mr. Pike's "Dixie" verses have a good ring, and

some vigorous lines. The best things in the volume are of a humorous or grotesque cast. Here, for instance, are a few verses which reflect on the valor of the North at Manassas:

FLIGHT OF DOODLES.

"I come from old Manassas, with a pocket full of fun—
I killed forty Yankees with a single-barreled gun;
It don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you nor I,
Big Yankee, Little Yankee, all run or die."

"I saw all the Yankees at Bull Run,
They fought like the devil when the battle first begun.
But it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you nor I,
They took to their heels, boys, and you ought to see 'em fly."

"I saw old Fuss-and-Feathers Scott, twenty miles away,
His horses stuck up their ears, and you ought to hear 'em neigh;
But it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you nor I,
Old Scott fled like the devil, boys; root, hog, or die."

"I then saw a 'Tiger,' from the old Crescent City,
He cut down the Yankees without any pity;
Oh! it don't make a diff-a-bitterence to neither you nor I,
We whipped the Yankee boys, and made the boobies cry."

And so on, verse after verse, until all the rebellious States are brought in.

Different, but still amusing, is another song, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

"Yankee Doodle had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors.
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And so to keep his courage up
He took a drink of brandy."

"Yankee Doodle said he found
By all the census figures,
That he could starve the rebels out,
If he could steal their negroes.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And then he took another drink
Of gunpowder and brandy."

"Yankee Doodle made a speech;
'Twas very full of feeling;
I fear, says he, I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy
To take a drop of brandy."

Here is something better, a touching train of thought and feeling, embodied in simple and pathetic verse. The hand is evidently that of a woman:

THINKING OF THE SOLDIERS.

"We were sitting around the table,
Just a night or two ago,
In the little cosy parlor,
With the lamp-light burning low,
And the window-blinds half open'd;
For the summer air to come,
And the painted curtains moving
Like a busy pendulum."

"O! the cushions on the sofa,
And the pictures on the wall,
And the gathering of comforts,
In the old familiar hall;
And the wagging of the pointer,
Lounging idly by the door,
And the flitting of the shadows
From the ceiling to the floor."

"O! they wakened in my spirit,
Like the beautiful in art,
Such a busy, busy thinking—
Such a dreaminess of heart,
That I sat among the shadows,
With my spirit all astray;
Thinking only—thinking only
Of the soldier far away;

"Of the tents beneath the moonlight,
Of the stirring tattoo's sound,
Of the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the ground;
Of the loy winter coming,
Of the cold bleak winds that blow,
And the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the snow."

"Of the blight upon the heather,
And the frost upon the hill,
And the whistling, whistling ever,
And the never, never still;
Of the little leaflets falling,
With the sweetest, saddest sound—
And the soldier—oh! the soldier,
In his blanket on the ground."

"Thus I lingered in my dreaming,
In my dreaming far away,
Till the spirit's picture-painting
Seemed as vivid as the day;
And the moonlight faded softly
From the window opened softly,
And the faithful, faithful pointer
Nestled closer by my side."

"And I knew that 'neath the starlight,
Though the chilly frosts may fall,
That the soldier will be dreaming,
Dreaming often of us all.
So I gave my spirit's painting
Just the breathing of a sound,
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier,
In his slumber on the ground."

"November 24, 1861."

The criticism which this collection forces upon the mind is, that the average culture of the South is considerably below that of the North. Not only have the Southern people no poets worthy of a comparison with ours, but even their poetasters are of the most inferior order, ignorant of the first principles of the art with which they strive to amuse themselves, deficient in taste, and woefully in arrears in their knowledge of the current poetry of the time. They read the poets in vogue twenty-five and fifty years ago, Scott, and Byron, and Moore, and Burns, and imitate them to the best of their ability. There are here, we should judge at a rough guess, as many as a dozen imitations of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," or verses in the same measure, and to the same tune. Scotch airs and marches stand at the head of some of their songs, and one of the parodies is upon Byron's "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." They are terribly in earnest, however, this credulous, inflammable, wrong-headed people, and it will take all our power to crush them. Such, at least, is the impression they make upon us through these "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies."

We have to chronicle this week the death of Mr. Frank Wood,

a well known journalist of this city. The events of Mr. Wood's life, as a man and a writer, may be summed up in a paragraph. He was born at Auburn in 1841; he came to New York five or six years ago; and he died at Haverstraw, Rockland county, on the 27th of March, in the twenty-third year of his age. The cause of his death, we believe, was consumption. He commenced his literary career as a contributor to the publications of Mr. Frank Leslie, some of which he afterward edited, if we remember rightly. When *Vanity Fair* was started, he was installed as its editor, a position which he filled for some months, and very creditably, both to himself and the paper. Before this time, however, he had translated Michelet's "L'Amour." The breaking out of the rebellion found him at Charleston, South Carolina, whither he had gone as the correspondent of the *World*. He soon returned to New York, and turned his Southern experiences to account in the shape of a lecture, "Down South in Secession Times," which he delivered here and elsewhere. At a later period he edited one of the Brooklyn journals, and was for some time the night editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, a post which he was soon compelled to resign on account of his failing health. A year or more ago he produced his first play, "Leah, the Forsook," a burlesque on Mr. Augustin Daly's version of "Leah, the Forsaken." Its success, which was marked, was rather due to the comic acting of Mr. Setchel, who personated the love-lorn heroine, than to its cleverness as a play, which was considerable, however. His next dramatic effort was "The Statue Bride," and his third and last, "Taming a Butterfly." The latter, however, was an adaptation from the French, in which he was assisted by Mr. Daly, or in which he assisted Mr. Daly, it matters little which. It was a clever, but rather vulgar, production. Mr. Wood's last literary labor was on Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, of which he was, nominally at least, the dramatic critic.

Such in brief was the life of Mr. Wood, whose early death is a loss to the journalistic literature of America, to which he contributed largely, and generally with spirit and ability. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss, and a large circle of literary friends who were warmly attached to him.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard's poem, "The King's Bell," has been reprinted in London by Basil Montagu Pickering, the son and successor of the Pickering of Aldine celebrity. The English edition is a very handsome one, as, indeed, it ought to be, considering that it was manufactured at the famous Chiswick Press.

Mr. Longfellow is to be honored in England this year by a picture which Mr. Elmore is painting in illustration of his poem "Excelsior." It is intended for the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Mr. R. H. Chittenden announces "An Exposition of Goethe's Faust, from the German of Dr. Meldleg."

Among other autographs which will be on exhibition in the "Curiosity Shop" of the Sanitary Fair, is the second number of "The Federalist," in the handwriting of John Jay, accompanied by a copy of the *New York Packet* of November 2, 1787, in which the article was originally printed.

Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow has written a version of the old fairy tale of "Cinderella," for a company of children, by whom it will be performed at Niblo's Theater, under the direction of Mr. Wheatley, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. It will be a combination of drama, opera, and ballet, with a sprinkling perhaps of pantomime. We are not at liberty to give the names of the little "stars" on this occasion, farther than to say that one of them—the little lady who is to personate Cinderella—is a daughter of one of our best-known landscape painters. The representation will take place on the afternoon of the 13th of April.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. announce "The Speeches of Major-General John A. Dix: Collected and Arranged by Himself;" "Dictionary of the Commercial Terms in English, Spanish, and French: for the Use of Business Men," by M. Vielle; and "A Primary Arithmetic" and "Primary Grammar of the English Language," by Mr. G. P. Quackenbos.

Mr. G. W. Carlton has in the press "Darkness and Daylight," a novel by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes; "Out in the World," a novel by Mr. T. S. Arthur; "Down in Tennessee," by Edmund Kirke; a new comic volume by Artemus Ward; and new novels by Mr. A. S. Roe, and the author of "Rutledge." He also announces "Nepenthe" and "Together," two new works by the author of "Olie," a novel which attracted some attention about ten years ago; and a translation of M. Renan's "Studies in Religious History and Criticism," by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, with an introduction by M. Henri Hiarisse, which has been submitted to M. Renan, who has testified to its accuracy as a biography of himself. The Studies in the volume are nine in number: The Religions of Antiquity; History of the People of Israel; the Part of the Semitic People in the History of Civilization; the Critical Historians of Christ; Mohammed and the Origins of Islamism; John Calvin; Channing; M. Feuerbach and the New Hegelian School; and the Future of Religion in Modern Society.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have in the press new editions of Bunyan's "Holy War" and Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

Mr. Frank H. Dodd will soon publish, in his Pocket Series of Favorite Standard Authors, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare;" Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" Walton's "Angler;" Milton's Minor Poems; and the poetical works of Gray, Goldsmith, Herbert, and Vaughan.

Mr. J. G. Gregory has in active preparation, "War Lyrics, Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley." The lyrics in question, we learn, are selected from some of our best poets, with the object of depicting the various phases of the war, on land and by sea, in the camp and in the field; and if they are not the best that might have been chosen from a poetical point of view, they are probably the best for the purpose of illustration, the most obviously picturesque of our countless multitude of patriotic poems. They are to be published in a small quarto volume, the size of "The Forest Hymn."

Messrs. Sever & Francis announce among the forthcoming volumes of their "Golden Treasury Series," "The Poems of Robert Burns," edited by Alexander Smith; "The Jest Book," selected by Mark Lemon; "The Ballad Book," selected by William Allingham; "The Song Book," selected by John Hullah; "Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young," selected by C. F. Alexander; "A Book of Noble Deeds;" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with illustrations by Stothard. They have also in the press, "A Treatise on Logic; or, The Laws of Pure Thought. Comprising the Aristotelian and Hamiltonian Analyses of Logical Forms," by Francis Bowen, Alford, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University.

Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co. will speedily publish "Stories from the Patriarchs," by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

Mr. T. O. H. P. Burnham will soon introduce to the American novel-reading public a new English candidate for their favor, Mr. G. T. Bradford, the author of "Too Much Alone" and "The Ruthvens," both of which works he has in the press.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. are about to publish a new novel by Miss Maria Cumming, the author of "The Lamplighter." Its title, we believe, is "Haunted Hearts."

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have nearly ready "A Gold Hunter's Adventures, or Life in Australia."

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are preparing a new edition of "The Federalist," printed from the text revised and corrected by James Madison and Alexander Hamilton. It will also include

"The Continentalist," and other papers by Hamilton, the whole being edited by Mr. John C. Hamilton.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March, 1864.

I noticed in my last the appearance of a Historical Memoir of Joan of Arc, from the press of Patrick Donahoe, to which I have since given a careful examination. I am at a loss where to award its authorship, since it comes anonymously, but from internal evidence it seems to be a translation from the German, and to have been rendered likewise into French. It seems also to have been written before the official publication of the documentary evidence on her trial, which was committed to the press for the first time in 1847, and which within ten years thereafter was the occasion of an address to the present Emperor of the French, accompanied by elaborate historical notes, praying him to take the preliminary steps to secure the canonization of the maid. It is always to be regretted that a book is put forth, like the present, without any vouchers for its authenticity, especially when the knowledge of its origin dimly presents itself to the reader upon perusal. As might be expected, the stand-point of its author is a Catholic one, necessitating in a large measure a firm belief in the divinity of her mission, beyond the mere concomitants of that character which the historian is likely to grant her. The sister of evidence is certainly not compelled to award her such superhuman character, any more than to acknowledge the interposition of Providence in the case of the first Napoleon because he believed in his star. The maid believed in her "voices," and they impelled her to unheard-of deeds, and, after all, it is only the natural result of hallucination in a truthful, earnest, and uncontaminated nature. What are affirmed as miracles, are not beyond the scope of a fevered imagination in Joan, and a willingness to seize upon her opportunity appearance on the part of the king and his party to give heart to his subjects, and hold out, by appealing to their superstition, a certainty of success in their cause. There is no better proof of their duplicity than the manner in which, when she was thought no longer of use to them, putting off herself all supernatural pretensions, they abandoned her to their enemies at Compiegne. But the point I wish more particularly now to dwell upon is her subsequent fame and the character she has been invested with in literature. "Joan of Arc," says our author, "has been celebrated in the most opposite domains of human intelligence by historians, romancers, theologians, jurisconsults, philosophers, writers on tactics, politicians, genealogists, heralds, preachers, orators, epic, tragic, and lyric poets, magnetizers, demonologists, students of magic, rhapsodists, biographers, journalists, and critics."

This is rather a formidable array, and when he adds that a French author has drawn up a list of four hundred works dedicated wholly or partially to his history, without completing the catalogue, we get some notion of the impression her character and her mystery has made upon the general mind. It is very certain that, as the memory of her deeds passed into history, they took a coloring from the superstitions of the subsequent ages, and it was not till more than three centuries after her career was ended that anything like a just delineation of her character appeared in literature. Her memory was indeed honored in France, her native village escaped a place on the taxation rolls because it had given her to the country, her statue stood at Orleans, and the citizens of that place made yearly commemoration in her honor, but she was constantly viewed as a demi-god, and half her effectiveness was eclipsed by this miraculous interpretation of her simple faith. In England the views entertained of her were highly prejudiced. The humbling she had inflicted upon the nation, they sought to counterbalance by burning her as a witch at Rouen, and the same spirit gave rancor to their judgment long after. This was the notion entertained of her by the old chroniclers. Cressy and Poictiers were won by English valor; Orleans was lost by a French strumpet and a witch, and consequently no wonder English courage failed in a match with the Evil One. This was the argument of all those old chroniclers in England—a sop to their own national vanity. Such were the materials that Shakespeare worked among, if we do not stop to doubt at all that his hand fashioned the trilogy of Henry VI. as it has come down to us. Michelet has charged great unfairness upon the English dramatist on this point. Knight and De Quincey have argued the case against the Frenchman, and have done better than succumbing at once to the imputation as Mrs. Jameson has done in a note to her "Characteristics of Women." Schlegel, I think, was the earliest who gave justice to Shakespeare on this point. He is comparing his delineation with Schiller's subsequent character, and remarks that, though partial from his national point of view, it still possessed much more historical truth and profundity. It is no more than justice to grant that Shakespeare properly enough took the chronicles as he found them. His only object was to delineate English history as it was popularly understood, yet at the same time it is evident, I think, he felt more sympathy with her character than he dared express. It is remarked how unbiasedly he draws her character up to the scenes just antecedent to her martyrdom; how he puts some of the finest poetry of the piece into her mouth; how her speech to the recreant Burgundy is in tone akin to the highest appreciation, and how he spares no occasion in uttering denunciation upon her unholly judges. The vengeance upon her imagined crimes, which he suffers to come in course, though he does not gratify the audience with a sight of it, could hardly have been avoided in the presence of the superstition and patriotic interpretation of his day. I am sorry to remark when Henry Giles a few years ago delivered some lectures before the Lowell Institute upon Shakespeare's characters, that he had no more skill to divine Shakespeare's position upon this point than Mrs. Jameson has. If any one desires to see how much Shakespeare dared, in order to satisfy his instincts, let him turn to his "Profane State." It is her enemy, Talbot, whom the dramatist makes call her "a wretch and damned sorceress," but here we have the churchman accounting her a virago, a witch, and a strumpet, just in the spirit of the old chroniclers, and finding nothing more wicked in her doings than that "she shaved her hair in the fashion of a friar" and went "in men's clothes, flatly against the Scripture." What if some immaculate divine two centuries hence, in discoursing about the iniquities of war and the legions of abandoned women in the train of an army, should unqualifiedly class France Nightingale as one of these "female followers of a camp?" The fiction would not be more monstrous. I venture to say that in the history of that saintlike modern there is not a more touching episode than that our author recounts of the bloody chase at Patay. "And she once more shed tears upon the field of battle for the death of so many brother men; and she was touched also with tender pity for the poor prisoners when they could not promise a sufficient ransom. A savage soldier struck his prisoner on the head, and the latter sank dying to the earth. Joan dis-

mounted, and took him in her arms like a sister of mercy; then seeing that no human remedy could heal his mortal hurt, she exhorted him, with tears in her eyes, to repent of his sins, consoled him affectionately, and held his head while he confessed to the priest and made his peace with God, so that his soul might ascend in purity to that place where there is neither battle nor wounds nor tears, and where reigns everlasting peace." I commend this picture as a subject for the artist's pencil.

We could hardly expect anything more appreciative of her in Hudibras than the mere reference—

"A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France."

false as it is to all esthetic ideas. Shakespeare, on the contrary, seems intuitively to have fashioned her person in better unison with artistic conceptions, agreeing, too, with the description of her contemporaries, which he could hardly have consulted. At least in this respect he threw aside his chronicles. She is described by the early French accounts as comely, of a modest, sweet countenance, speaking little, with no pleasure in useless words; her actions cold, showing great chastity. Shakespeare's introduction of her is quite in accordance, adding a recognition of the spirit seen through the flesh. He makes her say:

"God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which infused on me,
That beauty am I blessed with, which you may see."

Yet he does not make her use it sinfully. It is no coying arts of a Delilah that he gives her to allure Burgundy from the enemy, but something to the purpose in the eloquence of reproach for his recreancy; and when a few words were sufficient, as in the case of the embassy of Sir Wm. Lucy, he again divined that characteristic of her, awarded in the accounts, that makes her mock at such grandiloquence. There is another point, too, in which Shakespeare was ahead of later delineations. Southey makes her redder her plume in carnage, and Schiller makes Talbot fall by her hand. The accounts say that, though several times wounded herself, she never once used her sword upon her enemies. Shakespeare was intuitively true in this. He gives her the courage to cross swords with Charles in proof of her sincerity alone, but Talbot is spared when she has him at a disadvantage. It was a signal rebuke in him to the popular prejudice, if not an artistic contrast that satisfied his dramatic perceptions. Indeed, a recent psychologist would have put great faith in Shakespeare's wonderful knowledge of such psychological demonstrations. I allude particularly to the person of Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Siddons was the first, I think, to intimate disagreement with conventional notions of a masculine person. This actress accorded to her ideal of the lady a diminutive figure with fair hair and blue eyes, alleging that the Bondus of the Gothic ages were of this complexion. Campbell, her biographer, thinks it a mere "caprice" in the actress, and doubtless would have agreed with Mrs. Jameson rather, who would fancy her as dark as Black Agnes of Douglas. But Dr. Bucknill, a professional man, in his "Psychology of Shakespeare," published a few years ago, demurs at Macbeth's ideal of this sort in his picture of the banquet scene, and holds on scientific reasons to the small figure, beautiful face, and feminine demeanor. This again derives confirmation from De Quincey's account of the beautiful Lady Hamilton in the part, where her delicate, charming mien, metamorphosed into the urgent murderess, was all the more terrible from the contrast. This opinion is certainly not at variance with Shakespeare's usual scheme of harmonious opposites, and, if we may believe Mr. Fletcher ("Studies of Shakespeare"), has met in our time with public approbation in the essentially feminine person of Helen Faucit. If, then, in the case of the criminal wife of Macbeth, we can think Shakespeare intended this natural contrast, I think we must allow there is even more ground for it in his exhibition of Joan of Arc—an ideal indeed that Mary of Wittenberg has enshrined in marble in sensitive frame and modest air, with all her rapt devotion, as she stands in the statue in one of the stately galleries of Versailles, calmly gazing upon "the crucifix that hilted her hallowed sword."

Shakespeare, too, has portrayed this feminine grace in her, without the vulgar attribute of erotic passion. He almost at once introduces her, saying,

"I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above."

I will not contrast this with the disgusting picture of Voltaire's epic, which Byron, careless of the instincts of his day, was false enough to assert had more truth than poetry, likening at the same time Southey's pure picture to a eulogy of "a fanatical French strumpet." Such expressions in one like Byron need hardly to be accounted for, and I pass them; but, as De Quincey says, Michelet should not have forgotten the Pucelle of Voltaire, when he charged the English with engrossing the enormities of all the defamation the maid had endured.

Southey was the first to regenerate the maid's true character. Chapelain's heavy epic was well-nigh forgotten, or it of it was preserved like a fly in amber in the satires of Boileau. Voltaire's witty vulgarities were all the maid had for a token in men's minds when the young English poet, in the flush of his enthusiasm for Revolutionary France, very strangely sought to embody his admiration in rehabilitating the pious heroine, but he was equally strange in closing his poem at the end of her successes, leaving untouched the grandeur of her last year of trial and death. Yet in some respects his delineation is superior to Schiller's, which came soon afterward, in that he eschews all notions of open communication between his heroine and the spirit-world, rightly preferring to leave her the creature of her own inspiration.

"God is in me!
I speak not, think not, feel not of myself."

and thus avoided the mere heroine of a fairy tale, which Schiller's genius only saves from becoming disgusting in the palpable agency of superior powers. Southey, too, though he had better followed Shakespeare in denying her the passion of love, does not put it as intrusively as Schiller does. He makes her part with a lover in setting out on her mission, with only the remembrance to haunt her in her career. This abnegation of the worldly flame was an essential in her character after she had answered the summons of her "voices," and yet, strange enough, Schiller did not comprehend it. Just read his opening scene, and contrast it with the development of his plot. I am reminded of the beginning of Lear as I translate, and there are other tokens of the English tragedy later. The father is in the presence of his three daughters and their lovers, shepherd swains.

—Well, kind neighbors, here we are to-day,
True Frenchmen still, free citizens and lords
Of this the ancient soil our fathers tilled.
Who knows what masters we may have to-morrow?
For everywhere the flag of England flies
To conquer, and our first field is tracked
With war and woes. Partly we've the victor,
Doubtless with the ancient crown of Denmark.
A son of a foreign stock. Uncrowned,
A fugitive within his realm, our Prince
Must groan to see his mother, wronging nature,
Make traitors union with his next of kin.
Cities and towns are burning round; and e'en
The baleful smoke of devastation rolls
Within our quiet vale. Good neighbors, come;
I've counseled with my God, and whilst I may

Must heed my daughters' good, for in the wrack
Of war the woman needs a guardian friend,
And love can help to bear its greater burden.
Come, Stephen! do you hope to win my Margy?
Our acres border close, and so your hearts!
I know no better match!

But, Claude, you're silent!
Louise, my child, why droopest now thy eyes?
So think'st thou I would wish to sever hearts
Made glad by meeting, for the paltry lack
Of wealth? Who has this wealth? The nearest foe
May snatch it, or the flames of war engulf
Our barns and houses. No! in times like these
A brave man's heart and grasp is wealth enough.

LOUISE. My father!

CLAUDE. My Louise!

LOUISE (embracing Joan). Dear sister mine!

THE FATHER. I give you thirty acres each, house, barns,
And flocks. Thus God both blesses you and me!

MARGY (embracing Joan).

Make glad our father, child! Come, do as we;
This day should see three happy brides, Joan.

THE FATHER.

Joan! thy sisters have a mind to marry,
To make me happy in my gray old age,
But thou, my youngest, dost afflict me sore.

RAYMOND.

What mean you now? Why chide your daughter thus?

THE FATHER.

Here's this brave youth—and one more comely, mind,
The village hath not seen—three harvests past
Hath he been lingering in thy steps in vain,
Glad to have won thee, ever in his thoughts;
But thou hast coldly turned upon him, child,
And rung thy merry laugh with other swains.
I see the bloom of thy spring of youth,
That season of all hope, winging to life
Thy budding shape; but, ah! in vain I watched
To see love bursting from its opening buds,
Maturing gladly into golden fruit.
Alas! the joy denied me, that it proves
A grievous error from the truth of Nature!
etc., etc.

Such is the heroine that Schiller at once presents to us. He promises better than he performs. He not only subsequently wrongs our expectations, but degrades her character by making her fall suddenly into the snare of mortal passion, and with an enemy too, when he was at her feet in the deadly combat. The subterfuge is worse than melodramatic, and deadens the whole ecstasy of that coronation scene at Rheims. He makes her abashed at the pageantry, because by thus succumbing to a mortal taunt she had disobeyed her "voices." The true historical, and much more dramatic evolution was that, as Shakespeare shows, she yielded to her ambition and the king's persuasion to trust in her star, after she knew the consummation of her mission had been reached in the crowning. Schiller criticized Goethe for departing from the accuracy of history in his *Egmont*, and names moreover to him the variance from heroic dignity by making the hero in love. But he failed to see in his own case, as Schlegel notes, that the historic truth rises far superior to this poetic delineation. Mad. de Staél, in her joyfulness that the maid had at last found a delineator, even in a foreigner, to counteract the pernicious filth of Voltaire, is blinded, by what he has done, to the capabilities of the subject. But Schiller's error did not end here. He seems to have been seduced to emulate the stage effects of the player's copies of Lear. After the coronation, she is accused by her father of sorcery, banished the country, wanders a fugitive, falls into the hands of the enemy, and, while they are giving battle to her countrymen, she breaks her chains, flies to the fray, decides the day in Charles' favor, and dies by a wound triumphantly. I do not know which wrongs her character the more, Southey's ignorance of the grand close of her career, or this perversion of it into what Schlegel calls "a rosy death."

I have not space to characterize even a few of the many other, though less marked delineations of her—Dumelin's wretched epic, Lebrun's *Orleanide* (fashioned on Schiller), and the tragedies by D'Aveigny, Soumet, Wetzel (who follows history nearest of all), not to name others of an earlier or later date.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are delaying their reprint of the painter Blake's Biography and Poems, in expectation of procuring from England, matter additional to what is contained in the English edition.

Little, Brown & Co. will add at once to their Library of Old English Prose, "Selden's Table Talk," after the third London edition, by S. W. Singer; and St. John's edition of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and Bacon's "New Atlantis." There is passing now through the press a new, revised, and augmented edition of Samuel Curwen's (an American refugee in England) "Journals and Letters, 1775-84, with Biographical Notices of American Authors," edited by G. A. Wood.

Ticknor & Fields issue within a few days an octavo edition of the "Life of Prescott," uniform with his works, and also a 12mo edition. Lowell is now reading the proofs of his "Fireside Travels," which the same publishers have so long announced. It will include the papers he contributed to *Putnam's Magazine* in its palmy days, and other papers of a like character. They have also just made arrangements to publish the late Professor Felton's letters from Europe, largely relating to Greece, of course, and much is expected of them by those who knew how genially Felton did everything he undertook.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1864.

THE works written upon teaching would not make a very large or comprehensive library in comparison with those upon other professional subjects, or vice in point of ability and labor of execution with the standard works upon other educational topics. The theory is the simplest of all; the perfection of practice comes with time; and the youngest and most inexperienced of persons undertake the moulding of minds with as little thought as they would bestow upon the most common business affairs of every day. True, some young teachers in their initiation look carelessly through Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching" for hints in regard to the commencement of work. Others, at a later period, accept the philosophy and noble spirit of Dwight's "Higher Christian Education," but the majority, outside of the few that cluster in the normal schools, deny the necessity of a thorough preparation or a course of reading upon the art and science of teaching, and commence their work with an utter ignorance of the means and modes of conducting and controlling a school. James P. Wickersham, principal of the Normal School at Millersville, in this state, perceiving the evils which are the results of such a lack of system and preparatory study, has projected a series of works, in four volumes, upon the different topics with which one attempting to teach should be thoroughly acquainted. The first of these volumes, a treatise upon "School Economy," has just been issued from the

press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., and promises to immediately take its place as a manual upon the subject. The publication of the other volumes, upon the following topics, "Methods of Instruction," "Methods of Culture," and the "History of Education," depends in a great measure upon the reception of the first. The volume before us, composed mainly of lectures delivered by the author in the discharge of his official duties as Principal of the Normal School, is divided into five chapters, concerning the preparation, organization, employments, governments, and authorities of schools. The first chapter discusses subjects entirely beyond the control of the majority of teachers, and in speaking of school sites, school-houses, school furniture, etc., more properly addresses itself to committees and trustees; but the remainder of the work is written for the teacher, and in its remarks upon study and recitation, school ethics, and school legislation, commands itself to careful and studious consideration. The closing chapter, upon the authorities of the school, and especially that portion relating to the teacher, claiming that he should be "a wise legislator, a righteous judge, a prompt executive, an efficient workman, a competent leader, a liberal partisan, a pleasant companion, a warm friend, and a good man," although containing nothing new, is remarkably interesting and valuable as an incentive to greater devotion and energy in the profession. The whole work bears the impress of the spirit that has made the names of the world's greatest teachers famous, and will, without doubt, prepare a hearty reception for the other volumes in the series.

In these times, when there is so much written and spoken against not only the inspiration of the Bible, and especially of the Old Testament, but against its powerful claims as a book containing unexampled specimens of literary excellence, it is a pleasure to read anything on the subject that approximates to the faith of olden times, and handles those questions with the reverence due at least to subjects that for ages have been regarded as sacred. In spite of the fact that nearly every nation desires and demands a Bible as an expression of its religious wants, there are many to whom such a work is a dead letter, and would ever so remain unless it were brought forward in another light than that of a devotional work. To many the Old Testament is interesting only as being the foundation head of law, or an epitome of history; the New, a scheme of moral philosophy, or biography of a perfect man. It is the design of reaching the devotional spirit through attention to these subjects of interest that is the main end of two books recently published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. The first, "The Influence of the Bible in Improving the Understanding and Moral Character," by Dr. Matthews, late Professor in the Theological Seminary at New Albany, Ind., was first published nearly forty years ago, and has been republished several times. The work is simply what its title professes, being divided into two parts, the first showing that self-examination, and exhibitions of wisdom and greatness, improve the understanding, and the second pointing out the powerful and happy tendency of the Bible in reforming the moral character of man. The second of these works, "Letters to the Young," by Maria Jane Jewsbury, has long enjoyed a popularity which its modest and unassuming title would hardly warrant, but which aided much in giving its author her place among the gifted women of England. The letters are an answer to a request for a recommendation of books, calling attention in the first place to one that in its two characters as a book and the book of God is pre-eminent in its claims. Speaking first of the human and literary character of the Old Testament, comparing many of its tragic scenes and incidents with those contained in the pages of modern dramatists, thus proving what Schlegel in his beautiful encyclopaedia has said, that "these writings have suggested to the greatest of modern poets their noblest images, and animated them for their sublimest flights;" opening the treasure-houses of poetry, gradually drawing the attention to a contemplation of the Bible as a devotional work, and finally raising the mind to a condition consonant with all that is grand in revelation or lovely in Christ, these letters will admit of a broader title than to the young, and be welcomed with gladness by those learned in the sacred writings, and aged in the study thereof.

From an English edition the same Board has published, in two handsome octavo volumes, Bishop Leighton's "Commentary upon the First Epistle general of Peter," the inestimable work from which Coleridge took the majority of the texts for his "Aids to Reflection." Many errors were found to exist in the English edition, all of which have been carefully corrected and the Scripture references verified, thereby making the present edition as accurate as possible. In addition to numerous Sabbath-school books, they have published "Thoughts on Sabbath Schools," by John S. Hart; "Familiar Letters to a Young Convert;" "The Marriage Gift," by James Petrie; "Grace Culture," by Ezra M. Hunt; and "Diamonds Reset," written especially for young ladies.

The last novel of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "The Wife's Secret," published a week since by Peterson Bros., is considered one of the best that this lady has written. The same firm have published "The Life and Public Services of General Meade," a pamphlet of about sixty pages.

W. S. & A. Martien publish this week a new edition of the "Commentary on the Romans," by Dr. Hodge, of Princeton. This edition is a reprint of the original unabridged work published in 1833, and has been thoroughly revised and in a great measure rewritten. The abridgment now in common use was first published in 1836, and met with such great favor as to cause its republication in London and Edinburgh. They announce, to be ready the second week in April, "The Book for the Nation and the Times," an argument for greater use of the Bible. Also three volumes of children's stories. They have just published three sets of album cards, containing very beautiful representations of birds, animals, and landscape scenes.

Perkinpne & Higgins announce "A Pastor's Manual," by Rev. Hiram Mattison, of New York, containing forms for marriage, baptismal, and funeral ceremonies, with suggestions as to the proper observance of such occasions, and the legal requirements in the various states, and Scriptural selections suitable for pastoral use. Also, "Don't Say So, or You May be Mistaken," a reprint of a popular English juvenile.

FOREIGN.

The *Saturday Review* is severe on Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, *apropos* of his recent collection of verse, "Cithara." It begins with the following extract from one of his poems:

"From the vast bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's ragged side,
Rushing on field to field,
Till all with boiling stone is sealed,
And my hot thoughts in language pent,
Stand their own granite monument."

"The above terrible lines," it says, "were the first that presented themselves to our view when we opened Mr. Tupper's new volume at random to see what sort of spiritual refreshment he had provided for his admirers. Without stopping to inquire why he does not make some attempt to control his hot thoughts, if they really have the blighting properties attributed to them, or whether it is not a little hard that a world which has purchased one hun-

dred and nine editions of the 'Proverbial Philosophy' should have its fields laid waste in order that he should erect a monument to himself, we accept the outburst as a declaration of his present condition, and a statement of his views respecting the mission of a popular poet. We have no objection whatever to consider Mr. Tupper in the light of a volcano. Indeed, it is from some such point of view that we are constrained to regard him. He can never be anything more to us than a curious instance of nature's willfulness, which we may be able partially to explain, but must always wonder at, and which is produced by forces and governed by laws altogether beyond our control, even in the slightest degree. In the case of any other poet we might not unreasonably hope to reach one here and there among his readers, and possibly even to influence them to some small extent. But it would be just as reasonable to expect a review of Mount Vesuvius to protect the vineyards on the mountain side from an eruption as to dream of any remarks of ours on Mr. Tupper gaining access to the Tupperian world. It is not, therefore, exactly as a book or a contribution to literature that one of his productions is to be noticed, but rather as a phenomenon with which we have nothing to do, but which may be sufficiently interesting, from a scientific point of view, to make it worth our while to announce its reappearance and describe its general aspect, just as Our Own Correspondent at Naples would do in the case of a new crater breaking out."

After a little more criticism, in which it ironically thanks Mr. Tupper for not doing the dreadful things that he might, it continues:

"The trick is, however, an old one of his, if we remember rightly. Even before him the ingenious Mr. Richardson employed something of the same sort, and it still obtains with caravans, wax-work shows, and exhibitions of that nature. It consists, in fact, of making large and loud declarations outside the booth about what is to be seen inside, and leaving all the rest to human simplicity. Outside the giant is represented of magnificent proportions, and with guardsmen in full uniform in vain attempting to shake hands with him; and the mermaid is a charming young person with golden locks and a silvery green tail. The real giant inside proves to be a long rickety gentleman in a dressing-gown, and the 'mermaid' a combination of a stuffed monkey and a Finn-haddock. Thus it is with Mr. Tupper's performances. He describes the poet's mission and the poet's might in language that would almost terrify us; we did not recognize the well-known voice and perceive the familiar features peeping out through the disguise. But when he comes to exercise that mission himself, and to put out his might, all he does is to twaddle tamely about selfishness, cheerfulness, duty; self-reliance, and the like; the same, to use the words of our friend Mrs. Gamp, not being expected from the outside pictor, where he is painted quite contrary in a living state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the arp."

The same paper takes up Mr. Charles Mackay's last volume, "Studies from the Antique and Sketches from Nature," and delivers itself in a sensible fashion concerning classical writing in general, and Mr. Mackay's in particular:

"Subjects of classical fable may be treated in two ways. They may be drawn out in strict and clear outline, with every redundancy of modern thought and every modern complication of language and metaphor carefully pruned away, in which case they may fairly be called studies from the antique; or they may be used as mere pegs upon which to hang a wreath of modern poetical fancy or feeling. Mr. Tennyson's 'Enone' may fairly be cited as an exquisite example of the first method; Mrs. Barrett Browning's beautiful little poem of 'Pan making his Pipe out of the Reeds' as an equally exquisite example of the second. The classical scholarship and taste which Mrs. Browning possessed in a very remarkable degree were not needed to express the subtle modern fancy, that the poet is made by the suffering which draws out his heart-strings till he can never again relish the ordinary enjoyments of average humanity, as the cut reeds with the pith drawn out of them can never grow again with the reeds in the river. But without the accuracy and feeling of a scholar, Mr. Tennyson could never have written 'Enone.' And without the creative power of genius, neither 'Enone' nor 'Pan' would have been worth writing or reading. Mr. Mackay's so-called 'Studies from the Antique' do not evince either profound scholarship or any intuitive conception of the clearness and beauty of a genuine classical legend, and they are not redeemed from the charge of nothingness by the modern touches of anything like genius. With perhaps a few exceptions, they do not rise above the dead level of thought and expression which may easily be reached by any tolerably clever sixth-form boy at a public school, whose routine duty it is to make so many verses a week. And they betray an ignorance of the laws of Zeus and Lepidus for which a sixth-form boy would certainly receive exemplary punishment. There used, indeed, to be in vogue a public-school formula that all islands were in the Aegean, all mountains in Thrace, all countries in Asia Minor, and so on; and although in various cases a stricter inquiry after individual localities was found in fact to contradict the general rule, the probabilities that the formula would work rightly were quite numerous enough to justify its use among pupils naturally anxious to hide ignorance or indolence from a too curious master. But it would have been as pardonable in a decently educated schoolboy to look for Waterloo in the map of Spain as it is for Mr. Charles Mackay to lay the scene of the legend of Marsyas in Arcadia, and to make the Arcadian populace gather 'from the flowery banks of blue Meander' (sic) to listen to the contest between Marsyas and Apollo. And to place the miracles of turning Midas's food into gold and his human ears into asses' ears to the credit of Silenus is as if a clergyman in the pulpit should talk of the cure wrought by Gehazi upon Naaman the Syrian. We do not mean to assert that a modern author has no right to transmute an ancient legend. But the limits within which such a right may be exercised are fixed by the character and probabilities of the whole legendary cycle in which the particular myth appears. The practical jokes which a malicious divinity perpetrated upon Midas are most inappropriately attributed to Silenus, who was not a god, but a mere berusque attendant on a god, and never dignified as a thaumaturgic monster. It is, we believe, usual for students in art to get some knowledge of outline, and of light and shade, by copying models of toes and fingers, spherical balls, and so forth, before drawing from true life. It might have been as well for the author of this volume, before publishing 'Studies from the Antique,' to have tried his hand upon studies from Arrowsmith's 'Ancient Atlas,' or themes from Dr. Smith's 'classical Dictionaries.'

It then proceeds to quote from Mr. Mackay's volume a portion of a poem entitled "The Dirty Little Snob," and lashes it as it deserves. The defect of the article, and, indeed, of that most "slashing" article, is that it allows its victim no merit whatever. We have no great love for Mr. Mackay, but he now and then writes a pretty poem. Here is one from his much-abused "Studies":

THE SURE ESTATE.

"What signify the care and pain
That I must yet endure,
The loss of Love—the Love in vain,
The crime of being poor?"

"I've an estate of solid earth,
Nor broad nor very deep,
Where wild winds blow and daisies grow,
And moonlight shadows sleep.

"Tis six feet long and two feet wide,
Shut out from sorrow's call;
It shall be mine some happy day—
Enough though it be small.

"Till trump of doom it shall be mine,
And make amends for all—
Lost health, lost heart, lost love, lost hope!
More than amends for all."

Mr. Charles Dickens is to head a deputation to wait upon the Dean of Westminster in relation to the erection of a monument or the placing of a bust of the late William Makepeace Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. No fuss is to be made in the matter so far as the public is concerned, for the subscription book will simply remain open on the desk of Messrs. Roberts, who were Mr. Thackeray's bankers.

The names of the writers who get up the annual "Christmas Stories" to which Mr. Charles Dickens lends his name are said to be as follows: 1. "The Haunted House," by Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Gaskell, G. A. Sala, Adelaide Proctor, and Hesba Stretton. 2. "A Message from the Sea," by C. Dickens, W. Collins, C. Collins, H. F. Chorley, Harriet Parr, and Amelia Edwards. 3. "Tom Tiddler's Ground," by C. Dickens, W. Collins, C. Collins, J. Harwood, and Amelia Edwards. 4. "Somebody's Luggage," by C. Dickens, C. Collins, J. Oxenford, A. Locker, and the author of "The Valley of a Hundred Fires." 5. "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," by C. Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, H. Duff, E. Yates, C. Collins, and A. Edwards.

Concerning the latter collection, it may interest the reader to know that three hundred pounds were paid for the insertion of a single advertisement on the back page of the English edition.

The gentleman to whom Mr. Robert Browning dedicates his new edition of "Sordello," M. Milsand, of Dijon, is a French student of English literature, who has published a number of able papers on contemporaneous English poetry in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A London dealer in second-hand books issues a catalogue headed "Buckle and Macaulay," which is largely made up of books that formerly belonged to these eminent writers, and were purchased by him at the sale of their libraries. These books are said to contain MS. notes of considerable interest, a statement in which we place but little confidence, knowing, as we do, the unreliable character of the London catalogues. Quite number of volumes from the libraries in question have wandered over to this country, but they have proved worthless for the most part as literary curiosities. Many of Lord Macaulay's books contained the book-plate of his father, Zachary Macaulay, and one or two the autograph of his mother, but not a scrap of writing that could be identified as his. A sense of shame or regret came over his relatives after the sale, and they have since bought back as many of his books as they could obtain. We have two or three in our own possession, and a number of Mr. Buckle's volumes, containing a few notes of no importance. His handwriting is noticeable for its neatness.

Mr. John S. Harford has in the press, "Recollections of the late William Wilberforce."

Mr. John Anster, LL.D., well known as a translator from the German, will soon publish a version of the enigmatical second part of "Faust," which will be followed by a reissue of his version of the first part of the same great work, which was originally published in 1833, and has long been out of print.

Mr. D. C. Hewitt is announced as the author of a large volume entitled "The True Science of Music; being a New Exposition of the Laws of Melody and Harmony."

The daughter of the late Archbishop Whateley is editing his miscellaneous Remains.

Mr. Henry Arthur Tilley has just published a volume of travel, "Eastern Europe and Western Asia."

Mr. Thomas Baines will publish this spring, "Explorations in Southwest Africa." Mr. Baines was formerly attached to the North Australian Expedition, and subsequently to that of Dr. Livingstone to the Zambesi, and may be supposed, therefore, to be somewhat familiar with African travel. His present work will contain an account of a journey, in the years 1861 and 1862, from Walvisch Bay, on the western coast of Southern Africa, to Lake Ngami.

There is some talk of starting in London an "Early English Text Society," the object of which shall be to print an octavo series of early English Texts, some for the first time, others re-edited from the MSS. from which they were originally printed, or from earlier MSS. when such are known to exist. The whole of the Arthur Romances in English will, if possible, be produced. The first year's operations will include "Si Sciret," a fanciful piece on the text—Si Sciret Paterfamilias; "Hali Meidenhad," and "The Wooing of our Lord," or "Wohung der ure Lounerd," to be edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne; and four Early English poems, to be edited by R. Morris, Esq. One of these poems is "Sir Gawayne," the first of the English Arthur series. The second work of the Arthur series will probably be the prose Merlin, or "The Early History of Arthur," of the middle of the fifteenth century, which has hitherto lain in the Cambridge University Library, unnoticed by bibliographers and editors of Arthur Romances.

The only autograph sale that we have noticed for months occurred on the 23d of March, when a goodly collection of curiosities was scattered among a crowd of miscellaneous buyers. It contained letters of Burke, Bishop Burnet, Burns, Lord Byron, Calvin, Cowper, Dr. Doddridge, Frederick the Great, Garrick, Goethe, Grutius, David Hume, Dr. Johnson, Nelson, Paley, Alex. Pope, J. Rousseau, Schiller, Sir W. Scott, Smollett, Swift, Abp. Ussher, Voltaire, G. Washington, and General Wolfe.

Mr. John Foster, in his recent biography of Sir John Eliot, convicts the elder D'Israeli of garbling one of Sir John's letters, in that disgraceful piece of special pleading, his "Commentaries on the Life of Charles I." The letter in question is important, being the last one written by Sir John to Hampden, from the Tower, in which he was then dying. Several verbal changes have been made in D'Israeli's pretended copy, and the following touching passage is omitted altogether: "Those that relieve us but in part, we honor and esteem; those that preserve and save us from any danger or extremity, we have in veneration, and admire; nay, even for those that morally are good, from whom there comes some outward benefit and advantage, it's said some men dare die. How should we, then, honor and admire so good a God and Saviour; by whom we are, by whom we have all things we possess; who does relieve

our wants, satisfy our necessities, prevent our dangers, free us from all extremities; nay, to preserve and save, has died himself for us!"

The Coburg Gazette says that Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the memoirs of her life and times, which is the reason of her prolonged seclusion since the death of the Prince Consort. That her Majesty has, or at one time had, literary taste is no secret, for as far back as 1834, her sixteenth year, a small volume of her poems was published in pamphlet form, for distribution in the royal family circle. Mr. Tennyson, it is said, owes the Laureateship to her admiration for one of his early poems, "The Lord of Burleigh," if we remember rightly.

Mr. John Ruskin has recently come into the possession of an ample fortune by the death of his father, who was at the head of the house of Ruskin, Domcq & Co., the largest exporters of sherry wine from Xerez.

M. Alexandre Dumas has founded a library in the Insolvent Debtor's Gaol, at Paris. It contains a complete collection of his own works, which form no insignificant library alone, besides the contributions of many of the best living authors, whom he interested in the project.

The rumor which has been for some time past in circulation in Paris, that the remains of Voltaire are no longer at the Pantheon, has now been confirmed, we are sorry to say. The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents. This discovery was made through the following incident: The heart of Voltaire, as is generally known, was left by will to the Villette family, and had been deposited in their chateau; the present Marquis de Villette, a descendant of Voltaire, having resolved to sell the estate, offered the celebrated relic to the Emperor; it was accepted by the Minister of the Interior in the name of his Majesty, and the question then arose as to what should be done with it; the most natural idea was to place it with the body in the tomb at the Pantheon, but a scruple arose; the Patheon had again become a place of Christian worship, and, if the tomb of Voltaire was still in the vaults, the reason was rather from a consideration that what was done could not be undone than from any other; at all events, no fresh ceremony relative to Voltaire could take place in that building without the authorization of the Archbishop of Paris; Mgr. Darboy, on being consulted, before making a reply first hinted that there was a belief that, since 1814, the Pantheon possessed nothing belonging to Voltaire but an empty tomb. In consequence, it was determined to verify the truth of the report. A few days back the stone was raised, and, as the Archbishop had stated, the tomb was found to be empty! A strict inquiry into the subject had been ordered, and the Emperor has given instructions that the heart shall be inclosed in a silver vase, and deposited either in the great hall of the Imperial Library, or at the Institute of France.

Carl Gutkow is busy with a new novel, which seems to have grown out of the studies he made for a recent lecture on Argula von Grumbach, a contemporary of Luther, who was of important service to the cause of the Reformation.

M. Albert Dekken has just published at Naples "Storia di Beatrice Cenci e' suoi tempi: con Documenti inediti: per Carlo Tito Dalbono;" and a valuable monograph, "Entomologia della Calabria Ulteriore: Memoria di Achille Costa."

Dr. Michael Sachs died a few weeks since at Berlin. He was one of the foremost savans in the field of Jewish literature, besides having a vast mastery over classical philology. His "Religiose Poesie der Juden in Spanien" and "Beiträge zur Sprach- und Alterthumsforschung" will insure his name a high place among scholars.

We have the following Italian novelties: "I fasti dell' Indipendenza Italiana;" Maltigana, "Storia del risorgimento d'Italia dalla morte di Cavour alla catastrofe d'Aspromonte;" also, "Storia della rota di Novara alla proclamazione del Regno d'Italia dal 1849 al 1861, con narrazioni aneddotiche relative alla spedizione di Garibaldi nelle due Sicilie." Farther, a translation of Paul Heyse's novelle by G. Stafforello, "Historia della Reina d'Oriente, Poema cavalleresco del XIII. Secolo," edited by A. Bonucci; "Sonetti i Canzoni," by A. Delli Berti, a poet of the fourteenth century, published for the first time; G. Casoni, "La Libertà della Chiesa in Italia: Considerazioni e avvertenze con noti e documenti;" "La Bibbia, osservazioni desunte della Storia e dalle Scienze naturali," by J. G. Grisi; and "Opuscoli vari (Del matrimonio, Confutazione di un Enciclica ad Antimo; Roma e il mondo; Dialoghi filosofici; Commedie filosofiche)," by M. Liberatore.

Mr. Palgrave, a son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, will soon publish "Rambles in the Deserts of Syria, and Among the Turko-mans and Bedawees."

Messrs. J. Evans and F. W. Fairholme have just published a large volume on "The Coins of the Ancient Britons."

The tenth part of Mr. Bohn's new edition of Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual," is now ready. It extends from W to Z, and concludes the alphabetical arrangement. The supplement will soon follow.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to publish the result of his inquiries into the condition of the poor of Paris. His work will be in two volumes, and will be entitled "The Children of Lutetia, a Contact with Parisian Poverty."

The name of Madame Gasparin's new work is "Human Sorrow."

The second volume of Mr. Charles Knight's entertaining biography, "Passages of a Working Life," is in the press.

Mr. Mark Lemon, who appears latterly to have taken to book-making, edits "Poetry from Punch, 1842 to 1860."

The Rev. Fortescue L. M. Anderson, B.A., has just published "Seven Months' Residence in Russian Poland in 1863."

Mr. Carl Engel is announced as the author of a volume entitled "The Music of the most Ancient Nations, particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews; with Special Reference to Discoveries in Western Asia and in Egypt."

Mr. Howard Staunton, formerly of Chess, and lately of Shakespeare, will shortly publish a work on "The Great Schools of England."

Mr. Nassau W. Senior has recently published "Essays on Fiction."

What we take to be a posthumous work of the late Mrs. Anna Jameson is in the press, "The History of Our Lord and his Precursor, Dr. John the Baptist, as represented in Christian Art." It forms the fourth series of her "Sacred and Legendary Art."

Captain Mayne Reid has a new novel in preparation, entitled "The White Gauntlet."

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has in the press a second and third volume of Shakespeare Jest Books, which will include some of the most rare and curious works of this class printed during the first half of the seventeenth century. He contemplates a fourth volume which will conclude the series.

A translation of the religious "sensation" novel "Le Maudit" is announced. The title is "Under the Ban."

The Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., will soon publish "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible."

Mr. John Saunders, the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," has a new novel in the press, entitled "Guy Waterman."

The house and effects of the late William Makepeace Thackeray were sold on the 16th of March.

Mr. Henry Kingsley's last novel, "Austin Elliot," has been translated into French by M. E. D. Forges, who mistakes the writer for his brother Charles, the author of "Alton Locke."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, March, 1864.

WHEN Volta was experimenting on his little metallic plates and his acids, he had little idea that he was beginning to stretch that path for the lightning which now only awaits the consummation of the magnificent American-Chinese design to enable the electric Puck to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." It doubtless seemed to him, as it certainly did to others, that he was engaged upon the most unpractical of studies; and possibly some thought that his little "pile" was a horrid device for conjuring up the devil, as they did only a century ago of poor Hoffman when he discovered carbonic acid gas, imagining the fumes of his laboratory to be the traces of Satan's late presence. Yet so uniform has been the experience that the poet's dream appears presently as the scientific man's discovery and at length the inventor's useful method, that this practical Saxon race has definitely determined that it is for their interest to encourage the poet, to patronize the man of science, and brilliantly reward the inventor. The literary men of England have earned their salt. A little way from the buttress of Waterloo Bridge where Tom Hood saw the "one more unfortunate" dragged up, and went home to write the "Bridge of Sighs," now stands the room where at midnight the unfortunate are invited to come and enter on a new life. When Charles Dickens told the story of Oliver Twist, Field Lane, the scene of it, was a place which even the angel of Mercy was afraid to visit, no decent person having ever been known to pass through it unrobbed; but now the Metropolitan Railway runs in front of it, and ragged schools, churches, and institutions of charity have invaded it, so that one walks through fearless of Fagins and Artful Dodgers—all of which changes are ascribed to Dickens's romance. But what I started out with the intention of making the subject of a chat over the *ROUND TABLE* are the strides which pure science is making in every direction just now in England. I do not know any experiences to be had in London so bewildering to the imagination as those which one gets at the Royal Institution. The experiments there carried on are not, alas, for the people: few things are for the million in England: you must have a friend at court; but if once you do get in, you find yourself seeing sights and dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to see or dream before. Professor Marshall takes you to pieces; puts you drop by drop into bottles on your table: you find that you are seven gallons of water, five pounds of starch, ditto of sugar, a bar of iron, with a touch here and there of a few other articles. Did you fancy you were fearfully and wonderfully made? Simple mortal! there is nothing wonderful about you. You are very easily made. A little lime and electricity, and, *presto!* there are your bones; a little albumen, sugar, etc., and there is the fat meat of you. The professor acknowledges with shame that he has not quite contrived to create your muscular and cerebral tissue, but has hope of doing that in his next year's series. Then you go home, muttering between your long breaths—What is to come of all this? Is there really a scientific good time coming, when not only, as Emerson prophesied, will your salad grow whilst the water to cook it is boiling, but when in some sputtering retort on the table the related ham will be created in the same hour? Or shall we one day when our lungs are worn out, instead of going to Cuba, send out and order a new pair of the apothecary? Shall we see along the streets signs that read, "Livers and Hearts mended here with neatness and dispatch?" But now here is Prof. Frankland, who lectures every Saturday on the Metallic Elements. To prove to you that the sun is enveloped in a cloak of large willow leaves—that where this cloak has flared aside there are black spots, the light from even those black spots, however, being far brighter than the eye can bear—is the least of his performances. He discourses familiarly on the metals that are in the sun, reporting the amount of gold and silver it contains just as if he were giving a statement of the funds in the Bank of England. Nay, he visits the stars, and, as if he were reporting a celestial coast survey, tells you just what metals they hold and how much. For these metals correspond to certain rays of light in the spectrum, and chromium is made to give its yellow signmanual written with a star-beam across a billion or so miles of space. Now, whilst he is discoursing about a star, he thinks we may as well see its *carte de visite*—ah, there on his screen is Sirius. Simple enough is the little crescent-shaped body—an inch and a half in length—but rather amazing to reflect that light started out from Sirius just twenty-one years ago, and, when it touched the nitrate of silver on earth, unfolded to it its shape and beauty. It is much as if I were to drop a stone into the Atlantic at Liverpool, and that from it the widening wave should at last beat at your feet at Coney Island, and that from that wave you could tell the character of the stone I had dropped. Then the professor brings out his electric lights; the room is darkened. He takes a wire, puts a bit of chloride of tin upon it, and burns it; now see on the screen vast fern leaves, enormous lichens—all the growths of the primal world! A little lead is now burnt, and from it swell up stately palms and pines. Shade of Lamarck, do you not hover near to witness the blooming out of your theory in grander ways than in the "Vestiges of Creation," or the more accepted Darwinianism! Is it possible for any one to see these crystalline foliations of tin and lead, without imagining that in the early world there was a great electric burning at the core of the world, and that under it the metals of primordial rocks sprang into vast fern-swamps? But Professor Frankland is not a speculative man; he is coldly scientific, snubbing everything beyond the attained fact. Yet I can see plainly that he feels that, in the attainment of a separate color from the sun for every earthly metal, photographic science hovers on the verge of producing not only the lineaments of every object, but its tints and colors.

Never was there a country where any actual discovery of science is so immediately utilized as here. The people cannot go to the Royal Institution, but it is the nervous center from which stretch innumerable forces which presently become necessary parts of everyday life. No street is there in London without its telegraphic line, so that the merchant who means to bring a friend home to dinner announces the fact in his kitchen at West End in five minutes for twelve cents. When dinner is ready, he and his guest leave fifteen minutes before the hour, go down under ground, and shoot along under houses and streets for some miles to the drawing-room. Or does he wish to send a parcel home, he simply sends it across the street to the pneumatic dispatch office, where it is put in one end of a tube, and—puff!—it is shot to his door. The editor writes with a telegraph battery on his table, and the pen of lightning scratches out or interlines his article so that it shall be an exact counterpart of the telegraphic column next morning.

Has my reader ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean? If so he has most likely become acquainted with one of those things which the sailors can never be brought to call anything stronger than "a fresh wind," but which he is convinced, in the depths of his soul—heart, is a formidable gale; he has known what it is to see the captain

walking anxiously from starboard to larboard, turning anon to shout through a trumpet his order to the boatswain, who shrieks it to another, until through a half-dozen the important direction presently reaches—one always fears too late—the helmsman. But, look you, go on board the *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Prince Consort*, *Orlando*, or her Majesty's own yacht—all in these waters—and in front of the wheel you will see a dial-plate with movable indicator, which may point to the words "steady," "port," "starboard," etc. On the dial-plate rests the eye of the man at the wheel. When the officer in command would give a direction, he lays his hand not on a trumpet, but a small key-handle; swiftly by electricity the order has been indicated on the dial; a hammer just below the dial strikes the number of points to be made by the wheel—and, given quickly or slowly, denote "hard up" or "hard down." This hammer is also excellent to keep the helmsman wide awake. Think of how many collisions, which occur when by reason of fog objects can be seen only very near, making each instant worth an ordinary hour, must be avoided by these means? Let Secretary Welles look to this, if it is English!

By the way, this last allusion gives me a chance to make a diversion from the subject I have been dwelling on so long, and I seize it with an avidity which I am sure my reader will appreciate. The English, though very forward in scientific matters, still do, as old Froussart said, "amuse themselves very sadly" (*moult tristement*). I sympathize with Mr. Hawthorne's amazement as to how any nation can find enough *fun* in cricket as to make it a national game, though it is a fair gymnastic exercise certainly. But I allude particularly to the apparently grief-stricken crowds who listen nightly to the melancholy plays in the theaters. There is no mystery as to the success of Miss Bateman, who plays to-night in "Leah" for the 117th time, and to an audience which will have been blocking up the door-way in a procession of one hundred yards for an hour before the doors are open. Her success is that the audience is bathed in tears from the rising to the falling of the curtain. But at the Old Drury they have really got a bit of fun at last. Tears come, but such tears as are stirred from the shaken sides of humanity. The piece—and here is how the mention of Secretary Welles gave me my diversion—is called "The Alabama," and relates to the privateer of that name. It is not prepared with reference to the interests of North and South. Drury Lane is neutral whilst recognizing both parties as belligerents. And yet I can fancy that a Confederate in the audience would laugh rather dryly at some of the jokes—e.g., the young Lieutenant C.S.A. feeling in his pockets for some money to give one of his sailors who has done him a service, and ending at last by saying, "I'll owe it to you." The fun of the piece chiefly attaches to a tailor who has come on board after this lieutenant, who has run off with his (the tailor's) ward, and with many unpaid-for military suits. The tailor, who is a great coward, in some way gets into one of these suits, and is forced to act as captain of the Alabama during an engagement with the "Fighting Philadelphia," during which he runs into a fallen chimney for refuge, making a very droll figure when he comes out covered with soot. In the piece an opportunity is given to the (here) very celebrated Lydia Thompson to dance a hornpipe. It is, I believe, decided here and admitted in Paris that in the hornpipe the fair Lydia is without an equal on this terraqueous globe. And surely it is wonderful what perfection one may attain, and how much astonish beholders, in so small a thing even as dancing a hornpipe. Lydia does not dance—she sings, reels, sings, skims waves, petrel-like—in fact, shows from heels to finger-tips that she is the legitimate daughter of the Mistress of the Seas.

I have already said enough in my letter to convince you that London is rather a comfortable city; but that it is a handsome one its warmest champions cannot claim. In fact, it is decidedly ugly. They boast here of mansions which would be quite eyesores should they suddenly appear on Fifth Avenue, New York, or near the Monument in Baltimore, although they would do well enough in Pittsburg or Cincinnati. Your English friend carefully points out the Duke of Wellington's mansion at the palace-gate of Hyde Park, and is hurt that you cannot see in it more than a very ugly, mud-colored, barn-shaped house of three or four stories. Marlborough House, where the Prince of Wales lives, is much inferior even to that, being a squat and dingy old establishment of red brick (or of stone which minutely resembles that). And when over fifteen miles square of dingy and, normally, mud-colored houses you hang a pall of smoke, and make the sun a myth, the imagination has materials enough to represent London. Its climate has been variously represented as "consisting of bad weather for nine months of the year, and rain the other three;" as "looking down a chimney in winter and up a chimney in summer." It is certainly and literally true that during the months of January and February the sun did not once shine out in England!

Yet if you go inside of those ugly houses of which I have written, you shall find an elegance and a beauty which are almost unparalleled; everything rich and chaste, nothing without signs of taste and culture. Repelled by the front of the house, you are delighted to find the green swards and brilliant conservatories behind it. And with regard to the fog and smoke and rain, which have been giving one the feeling of being a lower creature yet in the lower strata of the earth and not at all on its surface, what effect, think you, have they had on nature? Why, the trees budded, the grass started, and, under the dull, soggy rain, every little bush at the front door is covered with birds making the air vocal with their choruses! Here, midway in March, the earth seems impatient to break forth into flowers and fruits. Margaret Fuller said, "if we only knew how to look around us, we would not need to look above." In England, where one has rarely a chance to look above, he certainly does, either for *sub* or *objective* reasons, find things beneath most affluent. The poets here also stoutly maintain that the same climatic law prevails with their brains. Their thoughts bud and their birds carol—best in the rainy spells.

Whether the long rainy spells which have prevailed since that balmy summer-like day of the closing year which brought out crocuses by Thackeray's new-made grave have had this effect on the literate or not, I cannot say; but certain it is that Tennyson has just been here making initial arrangements for his new volume, which will have a poem of a thousand lines. Robert Browning is at an equal or more advanced stage in his new volume, which will be less lyrical and in a graver tone than his last; for hitherto Browning's most religious poems have been his most subtly humorous ones—witness "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and "Christmas Eve." Dickens's new (serial) novel is also ready, and only awaits the work of the cunning illustrator to give its first installment. F. W. Newman, author of "Phases of Faith," "The Soul," etc., and more lately associated with scholastic works prepared whilst Professor of Latin in the University of London, lately resigned his professorship because of a conscientious conviction against the system of education which gave such precedence to the study of the dead languages. He has, however, addressed himself all the more assiduously to his own classic studies, and has lately been collecting some very curious old Greek litanies and prayers for festivities, etc. These searches have not been long undertaken, and none of them can appear for a long time; but Mr. Newman tells me that he finds, among other curious facts, that those ancients had an idea not only that plagues, wars, famines, etc., came from the gods, but that in some way the gods could not help it. At least they appear to have had the homeopathic idea that the calamity which afflicted them must have fallen elsewhere; and so, if driven from them, that it must go somewhere else. Consequently, when praying for the removal of a curse, they frequently name the people or town upon which the said curse might, in their opinion, be properly bestowed.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

DEBASEMENT OF NATIONAL COINAGE.—The pound sterling (silver) of Great Britain at first contained twelve ounces of pure silver. Subsequently it became debased, until in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the silver was reduced in the pound sterling to a fraction over four ounces, which was a diminution of less than two-thirds.

The French livre (silver) was diminished, from the reign of Charlemagne to the Revolution of 1793, seventy-eight per cent., and the weight of the franc was so diminished afterward that in 1795 it was actually substituted for the livre.

The Russian ruble, which weighed (by edict), in the reign of Peter the Great, two ounces and seven pennyweights, was diminished under the Czar Alexander (1802) to thirteen pennyweights.

The silver currency of Austria was largely debased by the proclamation of what is known as the *Wesner Währung*.

Although not technically a debasement of the current coin, yet the acts of our Congress, of June 26 and June 28, 1834, and of March 3, 1843, which made foreign coin a legal tender, practically debased the coinage of the United States, inasmuch as it added the same to the legal tender of the country by modifying the act of February 9, 1793, in relation to Spanish milled dollars. Until there is an international agreement among those civilized nations which coin money, there can be no preventive to the debasement of coinage. It was proposed to have such understanding during the presidency of Madison, but it was regarded as impracticable, and has not since been urged upon other governments by the United States.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THERE was a large attendance at the rooms of this association on the 24th inst. to hear Dr. Peter Wilson, the chief sachem of the Iroquois Indians, upon "The legends and history of the Iroquois, with remarks upon the Long Island Indians." Dr. Wilson is at the head of the Indian delegation now on their way to Washington to obtain for their nations some redress from the grievances they allege to have suffered from the Government. The lecturer said that in the traditions of the Iroquois the Great Spirit first made the red man at the head waters of the Susquehanna, the Alleghany, and the Genesee rivers of this state, and here they lived until they became a great people. But jealousies arose among them, and they separated; some went down the Susquehanna, some the Alleghany, but the Iroquois followed the Genesee River. He then traced the course of the Indians from the time of the landing of the white races on this continent, and of the manners and customs of the Iroquois in former times, the encroachments upon the Indian lands by white settlers, and the robberies perpetrated upon them by our Government. In speaking of the veneration in which Washington was yet held by the Indians, the speaker exhibited the three treaty wampum which Gen. Washington gave to them as pledges of peace, the meaning of which he explained. The first, a white wampum, represented by means of four connected dark squares, signifies the four nations, two on either side of a diamond, signifying a heart, meant that all men should be free on this continent; that the nations should have free communication with each other, and that there should be but one heart between them. The second was a white wampum with two parallel lines running through it, signifying the even existence, side by side, of the institutions of the red men and the pale faces in a state of peace. The third, a much more elaborate and much larger work, was the great wampum belt. On its groundwork of white were thirteen figures of men, representing the thirteen colonies, a figure representing the President or Great Father in the Capitol, and also two figures of Iroquois, which, when the belt was put together, would be placed in the middle of the thirteen figures before mentioned, signifying that by this treaty, this circular bond of peace and union, the Iroquois were placed within the protection of the states, and that at all times they should be in free communion with their pale-faced brethren and their great father.

The lecture was of much interest, and elicited much sympathy in behalf of the races now fading so rapidly from the country.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of this society was held at its room last week. The secretary announced the reception of some well-executed Confederate paper, some bronze medals of Washington, and a few silver coin of the reign of Henry the Third. The next meeting of the association will be held on the 14th inst.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

W. S. & A. MARTIEN.—*Louis Napoleon and The Battle of Armageddon*, Rev. M. Baxter.

J. C. DERRY & N. C. MILLER.—*Gen. Grant and his Campaigns*, Julian E. Larke.

W. J. POOLBY & Co.—*A Spiritual, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery from the Days of the Patriarch Abraham to the Nineteenth Century*. Addressed to Rt. Rev. Alonso Potter, D.D., by John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of Vermont.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS.—*The Life and Public Services of Major-General Meade*.

MONK, EBBS & HOUCH.—*The Washington Sketch-Book*, by Visator.

W. J. WIDDINGTON.—"Christopher North." A Memoir of John Wilson.

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VIII. Railroads in War.
IX. Three Months Around Charleston Bar; or, the Great Siege as we saw it. No. II.
X. On Military Topography of Europe. 2d paper.
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Cash, Balance in Bank \$875,630 45
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate 831,672 50
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand 376,012 50
United States Stocks (market value) 673,588 52
State and Municipal Stocks and Bonds (market value) 190,159 00
Bank Stocks (market value) 111,800 00
Real Estate 65,000 00
Interest due on 1st January, 1864 17,896 21
Balance in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission from Agents on 1st January, 1864 72,348 96
Bills Receivable (for premiums on Inland Risks) 24,773 90
Government Stamp on hand 96 62
Other Property, Miscellaneous Items 44,117 87
Premiums due and uncollected on Policies issued at Office 3,123 80
Total \$3,286,270 33

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Claims for Losses Outstanding on 1st January, 1864 \$74,053 32
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